HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"TO ASK THE MAJOR TO DEFINE HIS ATTITUDE ON THE FINANCIAL QUESTION AT THIS TIME IS BOTH CRUEL AND UNJUST."

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 6, 1896.

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A CIVIL SERVICE LESSON.

THERE could hardly be a more striking exhibition of one of the most insidious deceptions of the spoils system than has been afforded by the selection and examination of the so-called "confidential agents" under the RAINES Liquor Tax law. As will be remembered, it was said by the originators and the advocates of that law that the appointment of those agents should not be made subject to competitive examination, mainly for the following reason: These agents were to be the eyes and ears of their official chief. They must have such moral and intellectual qualities in the way of special ability, discretion, and trustworthiness as to command absolute confidence on his part. Such qualifications could not be ascertained by competitive examination. As the State Commissioner would have to charge them with the most delicate duties, and to intrust them with the secrets of the department, and as in a large measure he would be responsible for their conduct, it was but reasonable that he should be permitted to select them according to his own judgment and sense of responsibility. Being answerable for the honest and efficient execution of the law, he must insist upon this freedom in choosing his subordinates for his own protection. He should therefore not be hampered in making his choice by any civil service rules.

This may have a plausible sound to the minds of many well-meaning persons who have no special knowledge of the practical working of the spoils system on the one hand and of the merit system on the other. In fact, it is one of the favorite stock arguments of the spoils politicians against civil service reform, that by curtailing the power of the chief of a public office to select his subordinates according to his own judgment, it injuriously interferes with his responsibility. According to this theory, Mr. LYMAN, the State Excise Commissioner, was to be permitted to pass in review all the persons of his acquaintance that were available for the places to be filled, and carefully to pick out those who in his own judgment were the most competent and trustworthy. And inasmuch as competitive examinations might turn out as eligible for appointment a list of men some of whom might not be personally known to him as competent and trustworthy, competitive examinations should in this case be dispensed with. But in order to make a show of regard for the constitutional mandate concerning the civil service, so-called pass examinations for the offices in question were agreed to—that is to say, the Commissioner was to select from among the citizens of the State those whom he himself thought best fitted for the confidential positions, and the men so selected by him, and none other, should then be examined to confirm his judgment of their competency.

In truth, as is well known to those who have any experience of the public service, pass examinations rarely amount to anything. The appointing officer designates the persons he wishes to be found fit; and if the examiners are in any way accommodating, the examinations, in the absence of competition, are made easy, and the result usually meets the wishes of the appointing officer. Pass examinations are therefore very apt to become a mere matter of form, and no doubt they were expected to be nothing more in this instance.

Now behold the outcome. When the list of the men ostensibly selected by the State Commissioner for those important places became public, decent citizens were fairly shocked to see, with very few exceptions, a repulsive lot of machine heelers presented to them. Nay, the State Commissioner himself is said to have become alarmed when he surveyed the shabby crew to be put upon his ship; and we should not wonder at all if he had wished the pass examinations to be made as severe as possible, so as to rid him at least of the worst of the chosen band charged to his selection. Indeed, more than half of them in these parts ignominiously failed to pass the ordeal of the examination, which for persons of ordinary education and intelligence was by no means a severe one.

But now the question occurs, why did the State Commissioner, if acting upon his own judgment and responsibility, select such a shabby crew? The fact is that *he* did not select them. They were selected for him and imposed upon him by the party boss, or by the lieutenants or trusty henchmen of that boss. And the motives governing that selection had absolutely nothing to do with the moral or intellectual fitness of the persons selected for the duties to be performed, or with the personal confidence which their official chief should be able to repose in their honesty and discretion. The selections were made simply and solely in view of the interest of the political machine in rewarding persons who had served it, or in encouraging persons expected to serve it. All the plausible talk about not interfering with the appointing officer's sense of responsibility, and about the necessity of leaving him free to act upon his own judgment in choosing his subordinates, was therefore nothing but a grossly fraudulent pretence.

Nor is this case, although peculiarly striking, by any means an exceptional one. On the contrary, as all men of experience in public life will confirm, it may be taken as the general rule that appointing officers who are in any manner exposed to political influence are never left free to act upon their own conscientious judgment and sense of responsibility in filling places under them, or, as the politicians prefer to call it, in distributing patronage. The effort is always made by influential politicians to force their hand and to control their choice for political ends, without regard to the interests of the service; and it requires an exceptionally brave man in office to resist such pressure. When it is said that the system of competitive examinations too interferes with the freedom of the appointing officer in selecting his subordinates, the simple answer is that it does so only in confining his choice to those found presumably fittest for the duties to be performed, protecting him at the same time against that pernicious political interference which only seeks to serve selfish ends. For this reason it is not surprising that conscientious officers who had subordinates to appoint have uniformly hailed the introduction of the competitive system as a real deliverance from intolerable evils.

Commissioner LYMAN, no doubt, has now learned this lesson thoroughly; and he may have usefully imparted his newly acquired knowledge to the Governor, whose facile credulity has been so recklessly played upon in this sorry business. If now, in consequence of Comptroller ROBERTS's manful declaration that he will pay no public servant appointed in disobedience to the constitutional mandate, the Governor and the Commissioner find themselves obliged to agree to the extension of the competitive system over the excise service, they do a thing which, had they done it at the beginning, would have saved them ever so much trouble and shame. And the people of the State may congratulate themselves on the fact that the iniquitous scheme of making this branch of the service a political machine has met with ridiculous failure.

AN UNCONVINCING DOCUMENT.

ANOTHER convincing bit of evidence has been given during the week that Mr. MCKINLEY has no convictions whatever on the currency question, and therefore is not sound on the important issue of the coming Presidential campaign, and therefore ought not to receive the nomination from the Republican party. Although the candidate remains silent, some of his friends in this State recognize that the growing doubt as to his attitude on the money question is giving his opponents an opportunity which they cannot fail to improve. Therefore they have undertaken to speak for him, and in doing so have recognized the right of the people who are to be asked to vote for Mr. MCKINLEY to know what he believes on this question. They have scoured the State, and have, rather guardedly, assured the country that "Mr. MCKINLEY, in our judgment, is as sound on finance as any gentleman whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Presidency, and if elected would prove entirely satisfactory to the business interests of this country." The circular or protest then speaks of "unfair attacks that have been made upon a worthy and honored leader of the party," and continues: "It is not in the interest of fair play, it is not in the interest of the Republican party, it is not in the interest of the country, to permit such attacks as have been made upon Mr. MCKINLEY to go unrebuked." The paper is signed by well-known Republicans, who are also business men of high standing. Among them are Mr. THOMAS L. JAMES, formerly Postmaster-General; EDWIN EINSTEIN; RUSSELL SAGE; JAMES G. CANNON; Mayor STRONG; SAMUEL THOMAS; CORNELIUS N. BLISS; and General HORACE PORTER. It is not improper to point to the fact that the last two have been mentioned as candidates for the nomination as Vice-President on the MCKINLEY ticket. The circular has been signed in Brooklyn, Syracuse, Yonkers, Binghamton, Buffalo, and other cities.

The chief importance of the circular lies in its implied admission that something ought to be said concerning Mr. MCKINLEY'S views on the currency question. In almost the same breath with which the signers speak of demands for this information as "unfair attacks," they undertake to give the information sought. But there is only one man who can really give that information, and that man is the candidate himself, and he is silent. If it is proper to offer evidence at all, it is the best evidence alone that would be satisfactory. That evidence, however, cannot be obtained, because Mr. MCKINLEY is seeking support from both silver men and gold men, having no such convictions as have been expressed by Secretary CARLISLE and Mr. RUSSELL, for example, who have both announced that they will not accept a nomination on any but a sound-money platform.

With all due respect to the excellent gentlemen who have signed this halting endorsement of Mr. MCKINLEY, it must be said that their testimony is worthless. They convince us only that they are anxious to beat Mr. PLATT, whom they properly and naturally despise. It is a pity that Mr. PLATT is opposed to Mr. MCKINLEY, but his adventitious appearance on the right side will not affect persons who are governed by their minds rather than by their prejudices. It is unfortunately true that many persons are not so governed, and that therefore Mr. PLATT'S and Mr. QUAY'S opposition to Mr. MCKINLEY has been of great assistance to him. But the men who have signed this paper ought to be above such influences, and ought to listen to the voice of reason in so important a matter as the selection of a Presidential candidate.

Their circular is not otherwise convincing, (1) because they are not qualified to be witnesses to the rest of the community, which is seeking information; (2) because their speaking at all shows that they recognize the fact that their candidate's record and strange silence breed doubt and need explanation; (3) because they do not tell us why they think he is sound; and (4) because they resort to an unworthy politician's trick and abuse those who question Mr. MCKINLEY'S soundness by denouncing as "unfair attacks" what they must know to be perfectly proper requests for information.

Judging Mr. MCKINLEY by his speeches and his votes in Congress, by every official act that he has performed in connection with the currency, he is unsound. Judging him by recent utterances on the stump, in conversation, and by his obvious effort to secure the votes of both the gold and silver men in the coming national convention, he is without deep and abiding convictions on the subject. This is the logical and inevitable conclusion to which rational men must come, and they cannot be moved from that conclusion by the knowing winks and the whispered confidences of those who give no evidence of possessing any information that is not shared by the whole community. Until as late as 1894 Mr. MCKINLEY was in favor of the "largest possible use of silver," and in that year denounced Mr. CLEVELAND for his hostility to silver; he voted for free coinage in 1877, and for the BLAND-ALLISON act of 1878; he was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions at the Republican National Convention of 1888, which adopted this unsound financial plank:

> "The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the Democratic administration in its efforts to demonetize silver";

he advocated the SHERMAN act of 1890 because it would provide a market for the entire output of American silver mines; he permitted the recent State convention of Ohio, which presented his name to the country as a proper candidate for the Presidency, to utter such miserable balderdash as this: "We favor bimetallism, and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by international agreement, if that can be obtained, or under such restrictions and such provisions to be determined

by legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parities of the values of the two metals."

This is Mr. McKinley's record. It is true that he has recently spoken kindly of gold, but there is only one way in which he can convince the sensible and unprejudiced people of the country that he has changed his mind and is to be trusted as a sound-money man, and as President "would prove entirely satisfactory to the business interests of this country," and that is by frankly confessing his former errors, and by promising, if elected, to do all that Mr. Cleveland has done, if occasion demand, for the protection of the country's credit. And this is something, we fear, that even his volunteer endorsers do not believe that Mr. McKinley has the courage to do.

OUR SENATE AGAIN.

The Senate has once more proffered testimony showing that it is the most dangerous, certainly the least effective, part of our political system. The present Congress has been unprecedentedly extravagant. It has taken advantage of every opportunity, of nearly every excuse, to appropriate money. It has provided for an expenditure of $75,000,000 for river and harbor improvements. It has authorized the erection of coast defences at a cost of $11,000,000. It has ordered an ultimate expenditure of nearly $30,000,000 for increasing the number of our war-ships. It has been guilty of reckless pension legislation.

We do not mention these appropriations for the purpose of criticising the objects of all of them. Some of the items are proper, but in every one of the bills authorizing the expenditures there has been great extravagance, and, what is worse, perhaps, there has been an utter indifference on the part of Congress as to the ability of the Treasury to meet the obligations which its legislation is creating.

As fiscal matters stand, there may be a deficiency of nearly $30,000,000 at the end of the present fiscal year, and, so far as we know, the gold reserve is to be drawn upon during the coming twelve months quite as freely as it has been drawn upon during the last twelve months. At least the conditions under which the gold supply of the Treasury has been several times exhausted remain unchanged. With an abundant income, the Secretary of the Treasury could keep his gold reserve intact without issuing new bonds; but Congress does not care whether he issues bonds or not, although it refuses to authorize him to issue bonds bearing a low rate of interest, and therefore makes it necessary for him to pay an extravagant rate of interest in his effort to protect the public credit. As Senator Sherman pointed out, this Congress has already provided for the expenditure, next year, of from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 more than the estimated revenues, and it has deliberately and repeatedly refused to provide any means for meeting this extraordinary expenditure.

The Senate has been worse than the House, although the House passed a pretended revenue measure which would not have increased the revenue, and which the best informed Republican leaders knew would not pass the Senate. Even Senator Sherman does not come out of the session in an enviable plight. With brave words he scolded the Senate for its extravagance, and for its refusal to provide for revenue commensurate with its appropriations; but when Senator Gray offered him an opportunity and promised him Democratic support for a non-partisan revenue measure, he became as weak and inefficient and partisan and pitiable as the men whom he had just lectured. The Senate refused to levy taxes, and its miserable performances were crowned by an attempt to deprive the President of his power to protect the credit of the country.

CUBA AND OUR COMMERCE.

The war in Cuba is now threatening this country with serious inconvenience and pecuniary loss. There is some doubt as to the truth of the stories of outrages by the Spanish military authorities which some of the newspaper correspondents have been sending from Havana, because it is evident that the stories come from insurgent witnesses, and while such witnesses may convince the correspondents, their evidence is not sufficient to determine the action of the government in a grave international affair. But there is no doubt whatever as to the general and eventual effect of the war on our commerce with Cuba and on the income of the government. Our commerce with the island ranges in values of exports and imports from $60,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year. Our imports alone for 1895 were valued at $53,000,000, while the public revenues derived from sugar and tobacco, chiefly from Cuba, in the same year, amounted to more than $30,000,000. This revenue derived from Cuban imports is therefore of the utmost importance to this country. The loss of part of it has already added to the deficiency which the Secretary of the Treasury will be obliged to report at the end of the current fiscal year, and the entire loss of it in the next year, unless other dutiable imports greatly increase, will seriously embarrass the Treasury.

The war itself has greatly damaged our commerce with Cuba. The manner in which it is carried on is menacing not only the revenues of the government, but the business interests of many of its citizens. Both insurgents and Spaniards are warring on the commerce of the United States. The insurgents are burning sugar plantations or preventing the grinding of cane, while General Weyler has made direct war by prohibiting the exportation of tobacco from Cuba. This order went so far as to forbid the exportation of tobacco already contracted for by dealers and manufacturers in this country; but the Spanish government, on representations from the State Department, has directed General Weyler to so modify his order that it will apply only to shipments on contracts to be made after the issue of the decree.

There is abundant cause in this direct and indirect war upon our commerce for the intervention of the government. It is not, indeed, a cause for declaring belligerency or independence, or for making war on Spain, but for suggesting peace and offering a friendly interference with the object of effecting a reconciliation on the basis of the reforms which the Queen-Regent has promised in her recent speech to the Spanish Cortes. But here again the foolish and mendacious resolution passed by Congress hampers the President. The Spanish temper has been aroused and the Spanish blood has been heated by incendiary Senators and Representatives. The President and Secretary Olney are evidently doing their best, but if they cannot bring about an end of the war by reason of the fact that Spain considers the United States to be no longer in a position to offer friendly services, the loss of the millions to the government and to private citizens that will follow must be laid at the door of the Jingo Congressmen who think more of gratifying vulgar sentiments that they themselves arouse than of the highest, or even of the material, interests of the country.

While on this subject, it is well once more to note the silence of the Congress, which spoke so loud when there was nothing to say, concerning General Weyler's decree against the tobacco trade of this country. All that has been done to mitigate the war to American citizens has been done by the President and Mr. Olney. Congress impotently aroused the anger of Spain; but when Congress was dumb, it was the Executive that obtained the postponement of the death sentences of the *Competitor's* company and the modification of General Weyler's decree.

RAPID TRANSIT AND THE COURTS.

Nothing is more easy and tempting to the journalist than the overruling of the courts. This temptation has been promptly given way to by a large part of the press of New York in what may be called the case of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court against the people of the city of New York. It must be owned that the provocation is unusually great. For the Appellate Division has felt constrained to deny to New York any more rapid transit than New York can get from the existing elevated roads. Although the tribunal was especially empowered to decide the case which it has decided, it did not pretend to decide it upon legal grounds, but upon grounds of general expediency. Its decision was based upon the assumed impossibility of determining beforehand what the road proposed by the Rapid Transit Commission would cost, the assumed improbability that it could be built for $50,000,000, and the assumed probability that it would exceed the legal limit of the city's indebtedness. What seems especially to aggrieve the lay censors of the court is that the cost of this particular project has been made the subject of three several computations—the first by the engineer of the commission, the second by the engineers whom he was empowered to associate with him for the revision of his plans and estimates, and the third by a board of engineers called in to review the whole subject. These various bodies, including contractors as well as engineers, comprised about all the practical talent available for reaching a sound conclusion. The result of their investigations was an estimate of cost not of $50,000,000, but of $39,000,000. Moreover, one of the opinions declares that no system can be accepted as a satisfactory system of municipal rapid transit which does not extend to the extreme limits of the municipality. To reject a project because it is too costly, and also because it does not include an extension which would make it still more costly, is very evidently to put an end to any scheme of supplying rapid transit to New York by devices that are now available.

It is not wonderful that the Rapid Transit Commissioners, who have been several years at work upon the project, and who find the results of their labors thus summarily demolished, should betray some irritation. Finding their occupation gone, they have accompanied the announcement of their disbandment with a sharp and unfriendly analysis of the reasoning by which the court has supported its decision. Neither is it wonderful that the journalists should have taken with unusual avidity to the congenial task of overruling the court. It is really a matter for regret that the court has not seen its way to meet "a long-felt want" more satisfactorily than by referring those who experience it to the uncovenanted mercies of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company. The dissatisfaction with the existing state of things is, in fact, largely dissatisfaction with the service rendered by that corporation. Nevertheless, though the commissioners may be pardoned for directing Parthian sarcasms at the court as they retire from their offices, the journalists should restrain themselves. It is very much more important that the popular respect for the decisions of courts of justice, acting within their unquestioned jurisdiction, should be maintained than even that the people of New York should save some time and much discomfort in their daily journeyings.

IMPORTS.

Various as is the production of the United States, and important as are the manufactures, there remains a large number of articles which are of prime necessity or voluntary consumption, and are not, or cannot be, produced at home, or produced as cheaply as they can be procured from abroad. Cheapness in this connection only means "expenditure of effort." It is possible to conceive the extended culture of tea or of pineapples, or the raising of ostriches for their feathers, in any part of the United States. By artificial contrivances the conditions necessary to the growth or breeding could be reproduced even on the northern border. But the expense would prove so great as to make the cost of tea, of fruit, or of feathers very much larger than the cost of the imported article raised where the essential conditions are natural. No matter to what degree domestic agriculture or manufactures are encouraged and extended, there will always remain a large variety and quantity of products to be obtained from foreign countries.

It is good policy, then, for our government to place the importer in such a condition as will enable him to draw from the best markets the supplies of foreign products required by the people of the United States. This is sound theory, and may with advantage be modified in practice only so far as imports are made to contribute to the expenses of government. Apart from that exception, it is well for government to leave the merchant free to follow his own interest. It would be absurd, for example, for Congress to say that only Venezuelan coffee should be imported into our markets, for that country could not begin to supply the consumption of our people. Such an interference with trade would be unjust and mischievous. But government may, without incurring the charge of being unjust, collect a duty, moderate in amount, on every pound of coffee imported, from whatever country derived. Equality of treatment is a fair means of inviting nations to send their products to the United States.

The countries of the world are thus called upon to supply their peculiar commodities, and there is no one of them so remote or so insignificant as to escape contributing its share. Long before the interior of Africa was known, save by tradition, its peculiar products were found in the markets of the East and of the Mediterranean; and the distribution of flint and bronze implements of prehistoric tribes is one of the surest indications of a commerce between peoples so scattered as almost to defy any connection in those days. And to-day the warehouses of New York contain products of peoples whose very names and location are unknown save to the expert.

It is as a great market of more than 70,000,000 people that the United States commands the products of the world. For every man, woman, and child there is merchandise imported in an average year to the amount of $10 50, and it has reached as high as $15. The distribution of the imports in 1895 was:

		Per cent.
Articles of food and live animals	$231,538,775	28.88
Articles in crude condition for domestic industry	219,531,032	27.38
Articles manufactured	253,341,832	31.60
Articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc.	97,251,851	12.14
Total	$801,663,490	

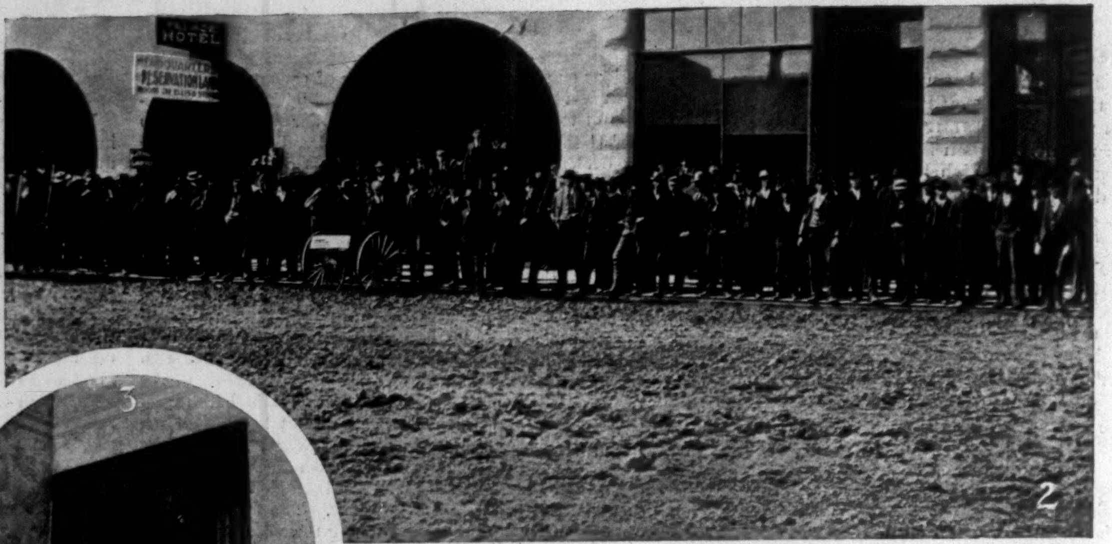
It thus appears that it costs nearly as much in foreign products to feed the industries of the United States as it does to feed the people; and the value of imported manufactures is greater than either item.

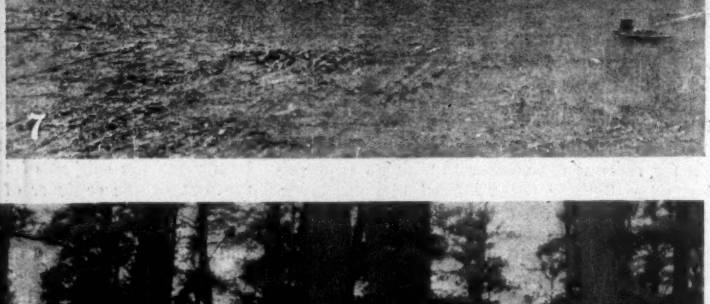
It would be strange to assert that any of these imports should be discouraged. The prime wants of man have not changed in kind since the first man lived upon earth. Food, clothing, and shelter—under one of these heads every imported article would fall. Unless he had satisfied his needs for food, he would be in no position to gratify his desire for comfort; and out of the attempt to extend this desire, or to gratify it with the least expenditure of effort, has come all material progress. If the imported food is an index of a general standard of comfort, the imports of crude materials—iron ore, wools, flax, and the like—are a similar index of comfort and a clearer indication of industrial status. Unless these crude or partially manufactured articles were wanted for the domestic foundries and mills to work upon, they would not be purchased. Every pound of wool, of silk, or of iron brought in from abroad points to the employment of labor in our industries to finish it to the stage of consumption.

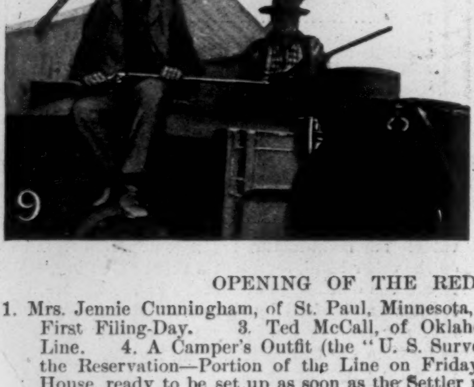
The world is levied upon very unequally for these imports. The actual distribution was:

		Per cent.
Europe	$431,514,024	53.83
North America	139,012,043	17.35
South America	117,306,447	14.63
Asia	87,049,476	10.86
Oceanica	18,253,341	2.27
Africa	6,786,323	.85
All others	1,741,836	.22

There exists good reason for this distribution of values. The imports of food and raw materials come from the agricultural countries of America, Asia, and Africa, and though representing great bulk, make a relatively small value. The manufactured articles imported from Europe, on the other hand, represent a great value in small bulk. Hence the dominance of Europe in the figures, which is further emphasized by the fact that more than eighty-four per cent. of the imports from European countries come from the United Kingdom, France, and Germany—the great "industrials."

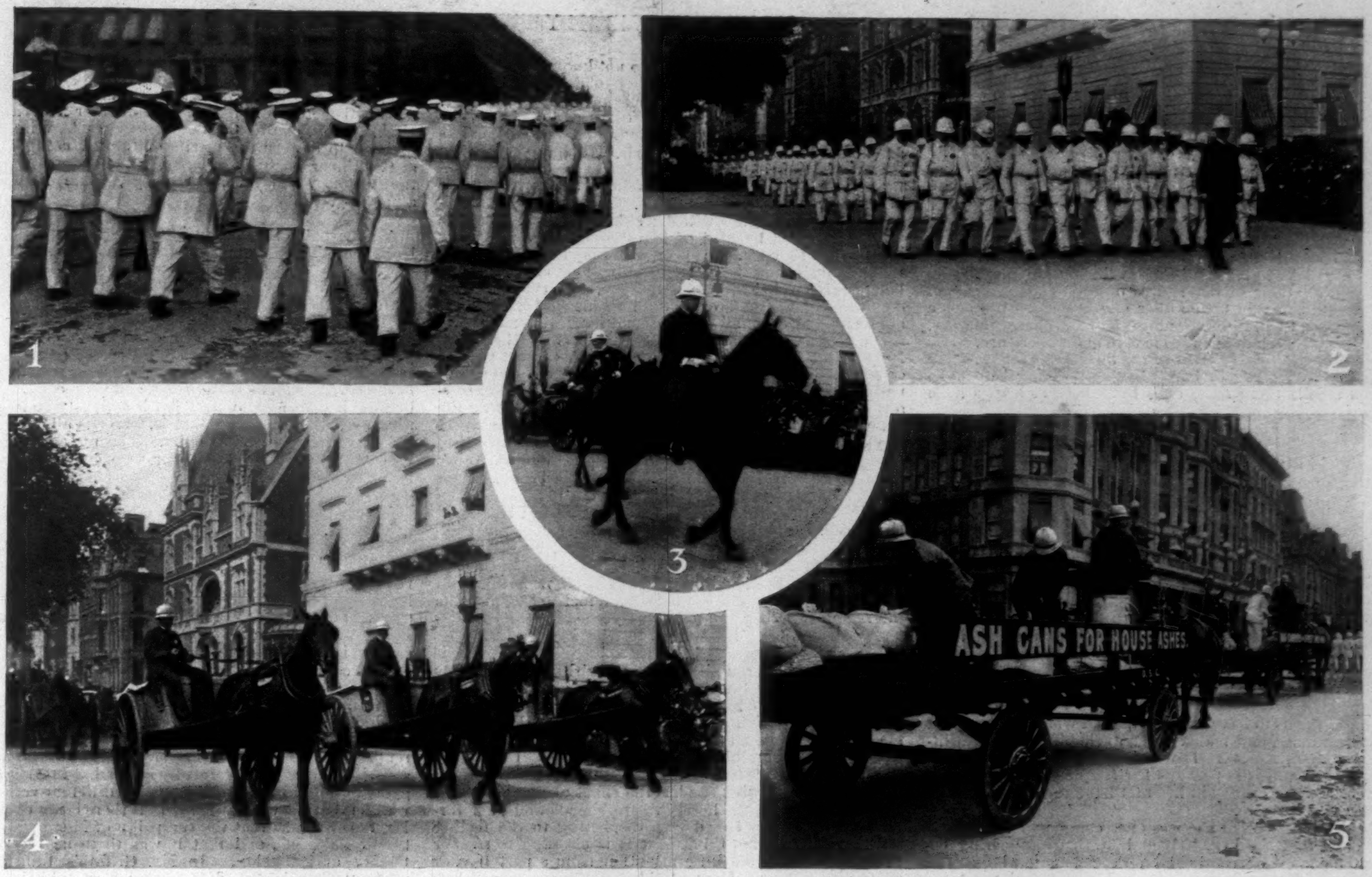






OPENING OF THE RED LAKE INDIAN RESERVATION, MINNESOTA, MAY 15.—[SEE PAGE 570.]

1. Mrs. Jennie Cunningham, of St. Paul, Minnesota, the Second Person to file a Claim at Crookston. 2 In Front of the Land-Office at Crookston—The First Filing-Day. 3. Ted McCall, of Oklahoma, the First One to file a Claim at Crookston, climbing through the Transom to get ahead of the Line. 4. A Camper's Outfit (the "U. S. Surveyors" is an alleged Joke). 5. Settlers en Route—Going into Camp for the Night. 6. Ready to enter the Reservation—Portion of the Line on Friday Morning, May 15. 7. Crowd at the Reservation Line—Sixteen Miles from Fosston. 8. A portable House, ready to be set up as soon as the Settler reaches his Claim. 9. On the Way to the Reservation. 10 Virgin Pine standing on the Reservation, to be sold at Auction in July.



NEW YORK CITY'S STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT ON PARADE.—[SEE PAGE 559.]

1. Going through Thirty-fourth Street. 2. Passing the Metropolitan Club, Fifth Avenue. 3. Colonel Waring. 4. Ash-Carts that competed for the Prize. 5. Platform Trucks to show the Processes of Street-Cleaning.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SENT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

1. Snap-Shot at a Spanish Gun. 2. Ruined Church at Palacios, now used for a Heliographic Signal Station. 3. A Shack—The Home of a Refugee Family in San Cristobal. 4. View of Mount Gabinacho, showing location of Maceo's Headquarters, taken from the Car Window—The Furniture piled up alongside of the Railroad Track belongs to Families fleeing to the Intrenched Towns. 5. Shacks in which Families live in San Cristobal. 6. General Serano Altamira's Column forming to leave San Cristobal on active Duty.

LIFE AND LETTERS

About this time the humorists of the press, both those who joke in text and those who joke in picture, are dusting off their kindly satires of the summer-girl, and getting them ready for another season's use. It seems a fit moment, then, to inquire into the facts concerning her, and try to ascertain her true nature and experience. She cannot be wholly a figment of the humorist's fancy; there must be something of her in reality; where there is so much smoke there must once have been at least a little fire.

I.

I should say, without being very positive concerning a matter so recondite, that the spark, if there really was one, was kindled at Bar Harbor, in the great days of Rodick's, when the amusement of rocking was invented, and the fine art of flirting is supposed to have become a universal inspiration. This was after the first simple but wholesome era of boarding-houses, and before the ice-age of cottage life, when Rodick's was chilled to its core by the glacial advance of the social proprieties, and other hotels were frozen shut; when the rockers ceased from rocking, and the rocks resumed their old office of mere picturesqueness. If this was not the genesis of the summer-girl; if she existed long before this, and was rooted in the very nature of American things, in the freedom and independence of the sex here in all the years of girlhood, this still seems to have been the period when the humorist first noted her, and realized her availability for light literature and light art. It was inevitable that he should overdo her, and it is perhaps her frequency in print, and her comparative rarity in life that have suggested a doubt of her reality.

I think myself that she was once commoner than she is now, and that she is swiftly and surely disappearing before the change overtaking all our society conditions. The summer-girl is unimaginable in Europe, and what we have been doing for the last twenty-five years has been to bring Europe to the summer-girl here and to render her impossible on her own ground. To put it concretely, the chaperon and the summer-girl are incompatible, and apparently the chaperon has come to stay.

Then, the decay of the hotel life has much to do with the decline of summer-girlhood. This decay has followed from two causes: the growing love of seclusion and exclusion among us, which has evinced itself everywhere in the spread of the cottage life; and the demand for luxury which the summer hotels supply at a cost beyond the means of the young men formerly resorting to them. The result is that society people now rarely go to hotels for the summer, and that the hotels swarm with pretty girls who are charming, who are adorable, but who are not of the first quality in the places they come from, and who, in the absence of the young men unable to pay the hotel prices, lack the great essential of summer-girlhood. The situation is perfectly evident, and the hotel-people are beginning to study it in their own interest. They perceive that without some showing of young men their seasons are destined to be more and more unprofitable. The girls will not stand the solitude and desolation; they make their parents take them away and try the solitude and desolation of other hotels; and some landlords are now seriously considering the wisdom of providing special quarters for young men, in *dépendances* and annexes, at rates in keeping with their means.

It is doubtful whether this will arrest the evil, if it is an evil. The young men do not shun the hotels merely because they are expensive; but now, instead of wishing to spend their fortnight's vacation in dancing and flirting and lounging on verandas, they prefer the more robust forms of recreation. They go into camp, and shoot and fish; they yacht, they canoe; they walk, they climb. No one has been quicker to note this than the girls it left forsaken; it began to be known to them long ago, that in such and such a lodge in the wilderness, young men abounded, and a good time was still possible to girls of courage and energy enough to remove their mothers to the mountains, or to drive them down to the sea where yachts put in. The summer-girl found that she could boat as well as bathe, that she could fish if not shoot, that she could walk and climb; and now that she has taken to the bicycle so boldly, the summer-man will find it increasingly difficult to escape her.

She has philosophized the situation very luminously, and she has lived up to her light in more ways than one. She has not only pursued the summer-man to his rocky and leafy and finny fastnesses, but she has most artfully ambushed him at the resorts within what I have heard called husband-reach of the great cities—that is, not so far off but business-men may come and go every day and pass the whole of each Sunday. Here the summer-girl is in great force, alert for such young brokers, lawyers, bankers' clerks, and merchants as prefer to get their outing the whole season through at some such hotel instead of taking it in one solid fortnight at a distance. With these they have some hopes of being summer-girls, and of becoming summer-wives.

II.

Still, I do not think they strike the observer as being quite the summer-girls that light literature and light art have led him to look for in the haunts of leisure and pleasure. They have every outward appearance of boring themselves all day long upon the chance—for it is always a chance—of amusing themselves for a fleeting hour or two in the evening. At the very best, and in the closest proximity to the cities, young men do not superabound. In hotels within an hour of New York and Boston, I have seen rows upon rows of lovely girls sitting danceless at the hops, or eking out the rare rapture of a turn with a full-grown young man by waltzing with half-grown boys, or with one another. I must say they look very charming as they waltz together, but I do not suppose that is what they are there for.

What is to be done about it I do not know. Here is the chance of the summer-girl at its best, and it does not seem a very good chance. It grows worse rather than better, for with the invention of roof-gardens and other alleviations of the city-summer the young men must come less and less to the neighboring hotels. It may yet happen that the summer-girl will be reduced to summering in town, like her poorer sisters, who have to work there the whole year round for their living. If she shares their privations in this way she will share their privileges, and the young men will be glad of her company after business hours when they can have it on such easy terms. Perhaps the light artist and the light author will yet come to study her in this environment. If they do, they can go far to confirm such a situation, for the influences of life and art are reciprocal, except where the conditions are dead against them. These pleasant humorists cannot contend successfully with the potent circumstances of the present scheme of summer life; and where no young men are the imagination itself strives in vain with the idea of the summer-girl engaging herself to three or four of them during the summer. From what I have seen of her opportunities, I should say that if three or four summer-girls managed to engage themselves to one young man, they might think themselves very fortunate. But if the summer-girl got to spending her vacation in town where the young men mostly are, the golden age might return again; she could have a sighing circle once more at her feet, and could coolly break with them all, in September, just as the pretty girls in *Life* do, when they are starting home in the autumn. The situation would reflect itself in fiction, and from fiction it would get back into fact again, and the interaction would go on indefinitely.

III.

But on her old ground the summer-girl no longer exists to the old effect. She may still have a good time, but I do not see how, if having a good time comes from a triumphant association with the summer-man. It seems to me that her relations to him are such as might well mortify not only her vanity, but her just pride. I am sorry to say that if he is still pursuing her, the race has gone on so long in a circle that she has the effect of pursuing him. Her loneliness, in the hotels where she abounds, her forlornness, is in the last degree dispiriting to the feeling witness, and I do not think that it is cheering to see her grateful joy at some little attention from a pert boy, or some airy dotard. I am afraid that the summer-girl as she appears in the summer numbers of the humorous papers is not a joke in the way she is meant. If she was not always a myth she is in a fair way to become so. Perhaps that is all she is fit for, and the more mythical she becomes the better. Perhaps there had better not be any butterflies; but all the same a butterfly in the process of extinction is pathetic, though you do not respect it or approve of it.

I suppose it was never a question of respecting or approving of the summer-girl. The artists, who have mainly created her, have sometimes made her very *chic*, very pretty, very fetching; but there has always been a taint of vulgarity in her charm, and the people who have *joked* the artist's designs—that is, invented some bit of dialogue to go with them—have instinctively felt this. As soon as they open the poor thing's lips for her, you hear how shallow and false and common she is. She has only wit enough to make some cruel speech, only sensibility enough to feel some disappointment that affects herself.

The conception of the summer-girl is essentially a cheap one, and so far as it has eventuated in fact, it has been cheap. Undoubtedly the talk about her has tended to create a type, and the type is not one that we need care to have perpetuated. Her excess has been an abuse of the freedom which American girlhood has not often abused, but which such as the summer-girl has helped to doom. She is going; it is a pity that a good and beautiful thing seems to be going with her.

She was purely American, to be sure, but I am not patriot enough to regret her evanescence on that account. There are a number of American traits that we could spare from American civilization, and be the more civilized without them. Was the summer-girl, after all, anything but the frontier come eastward, anything at the best but a pretty barbarian?

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Madame Calvé is as loyal to the Americans when she is in Paris as they are to her when she is in New York. She has been talking to a Parisian reporter about *L'Amérique*, and assures him that it is an enchanted and dreamlike country, to which, if she were not French, she would wish to belong. She brags most handsomely to her countryman about our *villes magnifiques*, with avenues as wide as the Champs Élysées, bordered with structures two or three times as high as the buildings in Paris, and brilliant with electric lights. Even more warmly she praises the remarkable development of our artistic instincts, which encourages artists to give full swing to their true temperaments, and to interpret the masters according to their own ideals. Melba, it seems, has told a Parisian interviewer that after singing in opera in America she hardly dares to risk herself on a Parisian stage. Calvé says she sympathizes with her, and, fond as she is of the Parisian public, looks forward with trepidation to appearing before it again. She does not expect to make the experiment for another year, when she will return to Paris in May, "*pour créer Sapho, de mon cher maître Massenet.*"

The London *Times* shares the prevailing opinion that the American A.R.A.'s have given a good account of themselves in the spring exhibition in London's Royal Academy. Of Mr. Sargent it says that he has made "a great stride forward," that his portrait of Mr. Chamberlain is a triumph over very serious obstacles, and that his work in his "Portrait of a Lady"—a well-known foreign lady who wears pearls of historic celebrity—makes almost everything else of the kind seem ordinary, makes the impressionists look hasty and the precisionists look laboured. Proceeding to Mr. Abbey, it says: "It is not pleasing to our national vanity to have to say that if this portrait [Sargent's] is the cleverest thing in the exhibition, the next cleverest—we do not say the most beautiful or the most satisfactory—is the work of another American, Mr. E. A. Abbey, one of the new associates." With that it goes on to discern the merits of the "Wooing of Anne at the Funeral of King Henry," which was described in the Weekly several months ago, while it was still a-painting.

A remarkable innovation in street-car construction has begun running on the tracks of the Dry Dock, East Broadway, and Battery Railroad in New York. It has individual seats with chair backs, which are placed at an angle with the side of the car (instead of at a right angle to it), so that the sitting passengers can look out of the window. The passengers' feet, instead of sticking out for other passengers to stumble over, are a little to one side of the line of travel. The arrangement gives more standing-room in the car, as well as better seats, and is especially praised because it does away with what is called "the fat-person nuisance," the passenger, that is, who sits all over the unfortunate who is next to him. The understanding has been that the street-car-builder who contrived to make two passengers uncomfortable where one was comfortable before got the prize and the trade, but this novel Dry Dock car seems constructed on other principles and to a nobler end.

Still more interesting than new patterns in cars is the rumor of a new motor. No properly progressive person looks upon cables or trolleys as anything more than makeshifts; but what will succeed them no one yet knows. For a while it was to be storage batteries; now rumor says it is to be compressed air, and that we are to have a chance very promptly to see how it works.

In an article in Harper's Weekly of May 23 the remarkable find made by Mr. Flinders Petrie, of the name of "Ysiraal" on a syenite slab erected by King Merenptah, was presented. The stela is now in the museum at Cairo, and is being carefully studied. Professor Sayce gives to the inscription a somewhat different version, but the fact that the word "Ysiraal" is there is not disputable. Mr. Sayce thinks that the campaign of Merenptah was in South Palestine, and that it was there he received the tribute of Ashkelon. In Mr. Griffith's translation it reads, "taken is Askadni" (Askelon or Ashkelon). Mr. Flinders Petrie writes about Askadni that the name of the place "is not known in this form, and perhaps by error of the sign 'd' for that of 'l' it should read Askalni or Askelon."

In the Harper's Weekly article the writer entertained the hope that further record of the all-important word "Ysiraal" would be discovered. And in the *Academy* Mr. Sayce writes, "Spiegelberg has now found the name of the Israelites in another of Merenptah's inscriptions, where it has hitherto been overlooked."

Nicholas II. had fine weather for his coronation. The ceremonies culminated about noon on May 26, when the new Czar, in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin at Moscow, placed his crown on his own head, and afterward crowned the Czarina. There is nothing cheap, informal, or haphazard about the coronation of a Czar of Russia. It is one of the most costly, imposing, carefully cut-and-dried ceremonies that the world sees nowadays, and when the chance to see it offers, it is always abundantly improved. Upwards of twenty million dollars is understood to have been spent in connection with the recent event in Moscow, and if the Czar had chosen to print "no expense has been spared" on his show-bills the facts would have abundantly borne him out. The coronation, with all its precedent and subsequent shows and hospitalities, occupied the better part of a month, as American newspaper-readers must all by this time have learned. The story of such a show is always worth telling, and, having already had the main facts by cable, we shall learn all the rest presently when the letters and pictures sent by the Weekly's correspondent shall have had time to arrive. What has been told at this writing is clearly this: The crown jewels of Russia were taken from the treasury in the Kremlin to the throne-room on Sunday and guarded overnight. As early as four o'clock on Monday morning Moscow began to swarm with soldiers and resound with brass bands. About eight o'clock the spectators who were entitled to admission to the little cathedral took their places in splendid court dresses. At nine o'clock the Emperor and Empress walked down the red staircase from the Kremlin Palace in sight of 100,000 people and entered the cathedral, the Emperor in the green and gold uniform of a general, the Empress in a silver robe. Within the cathedral they were met by the Metropolitans of Kieff and St. Petersburg, who, after various religious ceremonies, helped the Czar on with his imperial mantle and his diamond collar of St. Andrew. The Metropolitan of St. Petersburg then handed him his crown, and he put it on, and taking his sceptre in his right hand and the globe of empire in his left, ascended his throne and sat down. Then rising, he laid down sceptre and globe, took off his crown and touched the forehead of the Empress with it; and then she knelt before him, and he placed her own crown on her head. Then he picked up the tools of his trade again; he and the Empress both sat down on thrones, the choir and the clergy sang anthems, the bands played, cannon boomed, bells rang, and the people outside cheered and shouted. Then there was silence, and the Czar knelt and prayed aloud. Then he stood up with his crown on, and the Metropolitan prayed for him. Next the Metropolitan exhorted him, and then anointed both him and the Empress with oil. After that both received the communion and kissed a golden crucifix, which concluded the ceremony, and Czar and Czarina walked out of the cathedral under a gorgeous canopy and showed themselves to the people.

Among the representative Americans at the coronation were Minister Breckinridge; General A. McD. McCook, who went as the special representative of Uncle Sam; Admiral Selfridge; and Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

It must have amused the *Sun* to find its news columns saying the other morning that Elsinore, at Glen Cove, the residence of Mr. Ladew, whose hired girl had diphtheria, "was formerly owned and occupied by the late S. L. M.

Barlow, the criminal lawyer." Mr. Barlow did own Elsinore, which he got as part of his fee in a famous lawsuit against Gould and Fisk, but any one who remembers him must smile to see him described as a criminal lawyer. It was the *Sun*, too, that spoke of Mr. Bliss the other day as a member of the Harvard class of 1847, and a classmate of George William Curtis and Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana's class was '43, and Mr. Curtis was not a graduate of any college. These errors are amusing, but not calamitous, and there is nothing smart about the detection of them; but they illustrate how very short the memory of the news department of a modern newspaper is. Reporters are usually young, and, naturally enough, they are often unaware of facts which are so exceedingly familiar to the newspaper they serve and to all its older readers that a misstatement of them is matter of considerable gayety.

What a queer, outrageous, record-breaking spring it has been!—hot out of time, dry out of time, everything in an extreme degree; drought in the East, floods and cyclones in the West, the unexpected always happening. Somehow it has brought summer, though it is yet to be seen how reliable a summer it will prove. Everything seems prone to be upset in a Presidential year, even the mutations of the seasons. Why doesn't Major McKinley say more about the weather? It is a safe subject, and particularly fit in this year of grace to be enlarged upon.

The late Richard M. Hunt built himself so many monuments in New York that he hardly needs another. Still, it is his due, and he is to have it, in the form of a seat adorned with a sculptured portrait of him, erected against the wall of Central Park in the axis of Eighty-third Street. Mr. Bruce Price is to be the architect of the work, and Mr. Daniel C. French the sculptor. Eleven organizations of architects, sculptors, artists, and others have co-operated in the movement in honor of Mr. Hunt, and one of them—The Century Association—has already issued an address to its members asking for subscriptions to the memorial fund.

Macmillan & Co., the publishing firm, so well known in New York, has become The Macmillan Company, incorporated on May 22, under the laws of the State of New York, to do business as publishers and booksellers, with a capital of $275,000. The directors are George P. Brett, of Darien, Connecticut; L. L. Walton, of Bedford Park, New York; E. J. Kennett and Lawrence Godkin, of New York; and G. L. L. Craik and Frederick O. Macmillan, of London. Mr. Godkin of the new directory is the son of Mr. E. L. Godkin of the *Evening Post*, and is a lawyer both by profession and practice.

Mark Twain has been to see the state prisoners in Pretoria jail, and reports them in good spirits. Mr. Clemens is an ideal man to visit prisoners, and no doubt President Krueger's convicts were glad to see him. One is justified in wishing that he had begun life early enough to visit Job in his historic tribulations, and that we might have had the satisfaction of comparing his condolences with those of Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar.

The verdict in the celebrated case of Patrick against the Lambs Club in Thirty-first Street was, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." Mr. Patrick, who keeps a boarding-house across the street from the club, and complained of the Lambs for bleating too vociferously in the night-watches, seemed fairly satisfied with the findings of the court, and went away partially appeased, and hopeful at least, if not sanguine.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

The illness of the new President of the Royal Academy, Sir John Millais, is causing grave anxiety. Inquiries are pouring in from the Queen, the other members of the royal family, and people representing every section of the community. In spite of the gravity of the artist's illness, it is gratifying to find such general and public concern in the health of the representative of British pictorial art. I remember a discussion on the probable successor of Lord Leighton, immediately after the death of the late President of the Royal Academy. The choice appeared then to lie between Sir John Millais and Mr. Richmond, the younger. It was known that Sir John was ill then, and I was told that he was suffering from the disease which carried off the late Emperor Frederick. It was even then known that he was not likely to be able to speak—a matter of great importance in the functions of the President of the Royal Academy. Mr. Richmond, on the other hand, besides being an eminent artist, is a man of scholarly tastes and attainments, and held the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford in succession to Mr. Ruskin. But it was felt that for the present the honor of the presidency ought to be conferred upon Sir John Millais. Last Saturday the throat trouble from which he is suffering developed to such a stage that tracheotomy had to be performed. The operation was successful, and the latest accounts of the patient are more reassuring.

G. S.

CHICAGO.

The World's Fair buildings were erected, as everybody knows, upon a tract of land belonging to the South Park system of Chicago, and several years' sacrifice of an important pleasure-ground was made for the glory of a six months' show. The park was turned over to the exposition company some two years before the White City opened its gates to the world, and after the gates were closed it fell into the hands of the contractors who had undertaken to remove the buildings. After two years and a half of work, the buildings are at last cleared away (excepting the two or three that are to be preserved), and the grounds have just been restored to the Park Commission. It now becomes the task of that body to make a park indeed out of what is at present a mere mockery of the name. It will take two or three years, but we shall have in the end a park much finer than the one that was destroyed. Meanwhile it is interesting to note the way in which relics of the fair have been scattered over the country. In many cases whole buildings have found new sites and new uses. The Wisconsin Building has become a club-house in Kansas City, while the building of the English government has found a place among the private residences of that city. Other buildings have gone to Springfield, Illinois, and elsewhere. As for the smaller structures—the ticket-booths, and toy houses of the foreign villages on the Midway Plaisance—they are dotted all over Chicago and its suburbs, and find uses that range all the way from those of the real-estate office to those of the summer-house on the lawn.

The street-car strike in Milwaukee was like other strikes in its earlier stages, but has since developed into a boycott so far-reaching and ingenious as to bring business almost to a standstill. The street-car companies have got new men, and the cars are running regularly enough, but people do not dare to use them. It is not so much personal violence that is feared as being blacklisted by the friends of the strikers. The merchant who boards a street car is a marked man, and his businesss promptly suffers a decline. A bank is boycotted because its president is a street-car director, and the largest hotel in the city for a similar reason. The commercial traveller who stops at this hotel finds a plentiful lack of customers, and any one rash enough to deal with such a drummer finds that he too is boycotted. There has been talk of boycotting the Detroit baseball team because advertisements of non-union cigars are painted upon the fence of their ball park in Detroit. In short, the good people of Milwaukee are discovering that the possibilities of the boycott are almost infinite, and they are naturally much distressed about it. Meanwhile the firmness of the street-car companies in refusing to yield to such pressure or to break faith with the new men, although this course means a daily loss of thousands of dollars, must command the respect of all serious and intelligent observers.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The Tenth Congressional District, though strongly Democratic, is to-day represented in Congress by a Republican, who was elected because there was two Democratic Richmonds in the field. It has recently been suggested that the present Mayor of Quincy, Charles Francis Adams, 2d, be selected as the nominee of the Democratic party in this district. Mr. Adams is a lawyer, the great great-grandson of John Adams, second President of the United States, the great-grandson of President John Quincy Adams, the grandson of Charles Francis Adams, and the son of the late John Quincy Adams, who twenty years ago was often a candidate of the Democratic party for Governor. Such a political genealogy is rare in any country.

The County Commissioners of Norfolk have recently built over the old Dedham Court-house. Their expenditures were upon such a princely scale that the matter is now being investigated by a committee of the Legislature. During the investigation one of the witnesses, who refused to answer certain questions, was called before the bar of the House of Representatives for his contumacy. The sergeant-at-arms, with cockaded tall hat, led the recalcitrant witness before the august assembly; nearly every member was in his seat. The witness at first refused to answer the questions put to him, except in private to the committee. After a discussion it was voted that he should give the committee the desired information privately, the committee, however, to be allowed to make any use of it which the public interest should require. The witness agreed to this. Such a proceeding has not been had for many years in this State.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe last week celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday. She is as young in heart to-day as when she wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," putting in immortal verse the great thoughts which were then in every loyal mind. Last Monday, at a meeting of young woman-suffragists, she said: "I have hopes of seeing woman suffrage prevail in the United States, but I often think of what a witty man once said, that in the day of universal conflagration, a Rhode Island coal-mine would be the safest place, as it would be the very last spot on earth that would burn. I am afraid that in the universal kindling and igniting for suffrage Massachusetts will be like the Rhode Island mine."

J. T. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

At the very beginning of its session the Louisiana Legislature has attacked that great issue which now comes regularly before every assembly—the high theatre hat. The Louisiana law is perhaps a trifle sumptuary, not prohibiting hats in theatres, but fixing their size, height, millinery, etc. The legislator who has made himself the special champion of theatre-goers has a valise full of petitions backing him up, and, as there is no organized lobby against him, will doubtless win. The theatre-hat question in New Orleans is inconsistent in some respects, for whereas it is fashionable for ladies to remove their bonnets at the French Opera, at the Grand Opera "it's the fashion to wear 'em," and it is as impossible to induce a lady to put on her hat at one place as it is to persuade her to take it off at the other. The Legislature cannot appreciate this very nice distinction, and will endeavor to reduce the size of theatre hats if it does not abolish them altogether, thus giving theatre-goers the same privilege of seeing the stage at all the theatres.

Against numerous protests the City Council of New Orleans has cut down the salary of all city employés from 20 to 25 per cent., besides reducing their number nearly as much. The reasons given for this cut are that there are many sinecures in the City Hall; that the public employés are receiving higher pay for work than similar employés in private service; that there has been a cut in salaries in all clerical positions; and that the cost of living has been so greatly reduced by the recent decrease in prices that a $100 a month salary will buy more to-day than $125 would have bought in 1882, when the municipal salaries were fixed. There was another reason, not publicly mentioned, which largely induced the Council to make this cut—the demoralization caused by the craze for political office which has attacked a large part of the community in New Orleans. When one man in every five is a candidate for office, and is willing to surrender a $1500 salary in a commercial business in order to accept a $1200 political position, it is evident that something is wrong.

N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

If the building of the battle-ship *Oregon* had been a co-operative enterprise in which nine-tenths of the men of the Pacific coast had personally participated, the satisfaction, not to say self-satisfaction, of the population could scarcely be more ingenuously displayed.

The *Oregon* has revealed to the Pacific coast that it can build ships with the best, that the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco can even beat the yards of the Cramps, for the new battle-ship's maximum of 17.34 and average of 16.79 take what is known in the world of battle as the belt. The workmen of the yards were only a little more demonstrative than the rest of the population when they tied ropes to the carriage of Irving M. Scott, the *Oregon's* builder, decked the same with flowers, and dragged him about, hundreds strong, as in a triumphal car. Mr. Scott made a speech to the men who had done the actual work on the battle-ship, recalled the Eastern taunt of a few years ago that the Union Iron-Works constituted only a plant on paper, and, holding up some of the flowers, announced that he would save them for a bouquet to lay on the grave of the once-scornful Cramps. It has been proved that the Pacific coast can build warships; magnanimity and a sense of humor will come later.

California is not celebrated for its piety, yet during the next few months it is certain that a great deal of heat, if not light, will be produced by the friction of opposing religious opinions in politics. The American Protective Association is very strong in the southern half of the State, and captured the Republican State Convention. The Democratic State Convention is expected to declare war on the order, and feeling already runs high. The organs of the Catholic Church are calling insistently upon the newspapers to take sides against political proscription on account of faith, but the newspapers of the metropolis, being in deadly fear of getting caught and crushed between the Roman and anti-Roman forces, preserve a silence which is more profound than dignified. That large portion of the public which is offended by the introduction of sectarian passions into secular affairs will inevitably become exasperated with all the parties to the low and ugly quarrel. Hence the prospect for a furious and not at all improving campaign is so good as to discourage those who would like to see Californians intelligently concerned for the State's worldly welfare rather than fighting like carnivora over things of the spirit.

A. McE.

THE PARADE OF THE STREET-CLEANERS.

It was a very happy thought of Colonel Waring, or of whoever first entertained it, to hold a public parade of the Department of Street-Cleaning of the City of New York. Until Colonel Waring assumed charge of it, nobody but a satirist would have ventured to propose a collective exhibit of the department. A department of street-cleaning which most conspicuously failed to clean streets could escape unfavorable criticism only by escaping notice. That was what the department did in its unregenerate days. Even after its regeneration was begun, some zealous aldermen objected to the proposition to put its members in uniform, upon the statutory ground that it would degrade or incriminate them. In the old days that would have been the result. A parade of street-cleaners who did not clean streets was the natural target for such cabbage-stalks and other missiles as it might have left to encumber the highways withal.

But all that is now changed. It has come to be recognized, by the public and by the street-cleaners, that it is not in cleaning streets that there lies dishonor, but in taking the public money for cleaning streets and then not cleaning them. The department is largely composed of the same men who used to be obnoxious to this criticism. But the present head of it has wrought a moral conversion in the force as well as a material transformation in the aspect of the city. The hackneyed lines of saintly George Herbert, about the "clause" with which a servant "makes drudgery divine," have never been more aptly illustrated than by the change which Colonel Waring has wrought.

If any one of his predecessors had proposed to parade the force for the inspection of the public, the proposal would have been received with as much horror by the force as unsympathetic hilarity by the public. But a year and a half of actual street-cleaning changed the point of view of both parties. It prepared the street-cleaners to come out and avow their work, and it prepared the public to receive them, not merely with respectful attention, but with hearty gratitude. When it was proposed to hold a parade of the department on May 26, it was also announced that a prize would be given to the district of which the sweepers and to the stable of which the carts and horses and drivers should make the best appearance.

The effect of the announcement was very stimulating. The men of each division and of each stable began to prepare themselves. The men practised themselves in marching and drilling out of their working hours. The drivers and stablemen swept and garnished their horses and carts assiduously. Moreover, the expenses of a parade, including the best military bands of the city, were met by subscription from the force.

The result of these preparations was interesting from a merely pictorial point of view, although, of course, it was far more interesting from a civic and social point of view. The procession marched down Fifth Avenue, and against the solid slope of the reservoir at Forty-second Street the reviewing-stand had been erected. This was occupied by the Mayor and the municipal officials, and by some of the most eminent unofficial men and women of the city, including the lady whose persistent agitation has had so much to do with the improvement in street-cleaning. From each end of the stand fluttered one of the banners which were to be the prizes of the display. Past this stand, for an hour and a half, marched the white-coated sweepers and rumbled the carts and sprinklers which completed the exhibit of the department. The cheers which followed the commissioner from the crowds that lined Fifth Avenue showed how his work is appreciated by the people whom it benefits. But the showing was not less strikingly made by the applause that attended the whole procession.

Court-House.

THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS—LOOKING TOWARD THE EADS BRIDGE, AND SHOWING THE RE

This Picture shows the Territory which felt the full Force of the Storm. In the immediate Foreground is the lower End of Mill Creek Vall i
Bridge, passing under the west End of the Eads Bridge. The Levee Front on the Missouri Side was swept clean of Steamboats an W

ER'S WEEKLY

RE ION DEV

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an Wharves.

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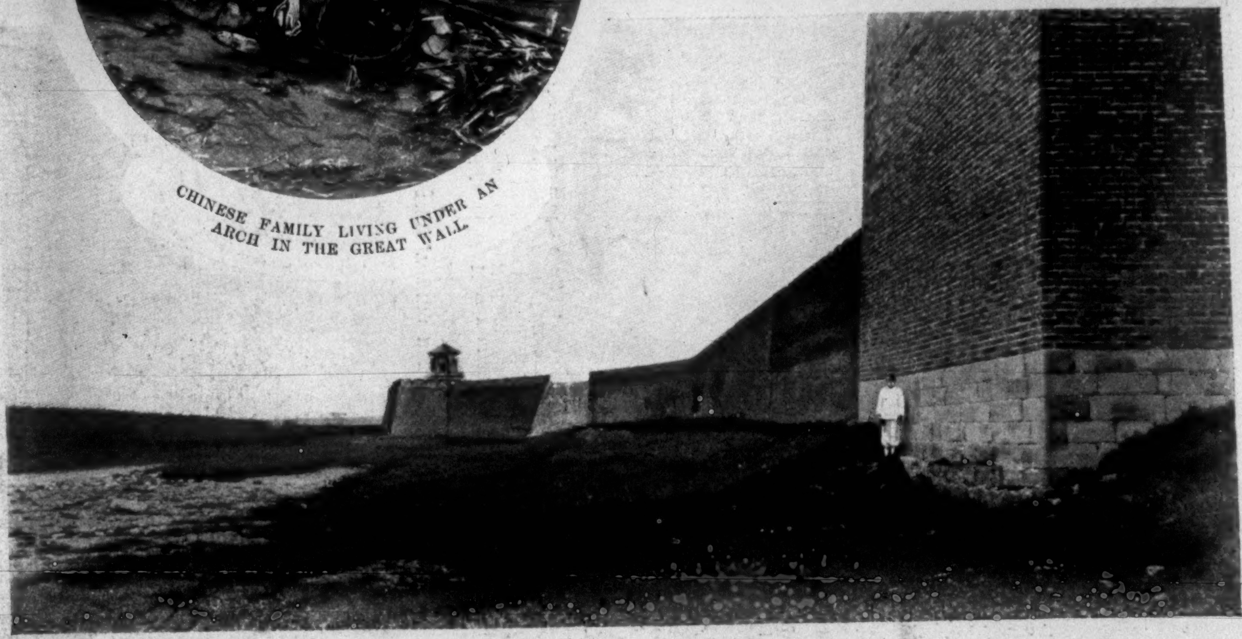
TRAIN ON A SIDE TRACK AT KUYEH STATION, IMPERIAL CHINESE RAILWAY.

ALONG THE TOP AND OUTSIDE OF THE GREAT WALL.

THE SEDAN CHAIR AT CHEE-FOO.

CHINESE FAMILY LIVING UNDER AN ARCH IN THE GREAT WALL.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT SHAN-HAI-KWAN—BREAK THROUGH WHICH THE RAILWAY IS TO PASS.



OUTER FACE OF THE GREAT WALL.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION.—CHINA TO-DAY.—Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 562.]

EN ROUTE TO PEKING—FLEET OF CHINESE "TRIBUTE" BOATS AT TONG-CHOW, WHERE THE GRAND CANAL CONNECTS THE PEI-HO WITH PEKING.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CHINA TO-DAY.—(*Continued.*)

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

NOTHING can better illustrate the condition of Chinese civilization to-day—which, indeed, is the same as that of two thousand years ago—than the methods of transportation, by means of which the swarming population of its capital is supplied with nearly every necessary of life. Two things would seem to abound in the Celestial Empire to an extent which causes them to be little valued—these are human beings and time, and of neither is any account taken. The countless fleets of rice-boats carrying tribute of grain or necessary supplies of other and inferior food for Peking are dragged up the stream by long files of men, or even women, attached by a rope to the vessel's mast, and plodding laboriously along the bank. A mile or two an hour is all that can be accomplished when all goes well, and it is no uncommon thing for the deeply laden boat to get embedded in the mud and to lie there waiting for a flood in the river to release it. In this way it often takes a month to travel the few miles that intervene between Tien-tsin and the first level of the Imperial Canal on the way to the capital.

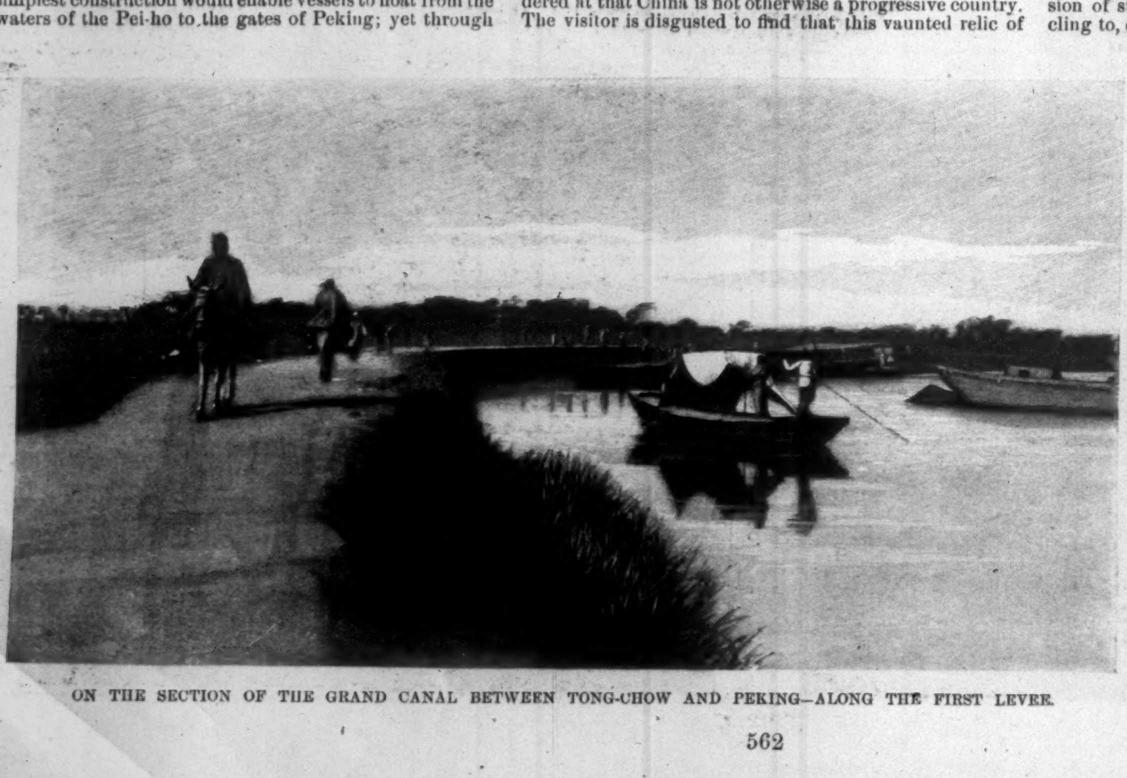
The Grand Canal of China is, even more than its Great Wall, one of the achievements of Eastern ingenuity and labor that have owed their celebrity to the credulity of travellers who were ready to accept any wonderful stories as true that dealt with things unseen. In fact, the Grand Canal is a fraud, and not even such a fraud as can be considered in any sense great, except in length, which is about 700 miles, extending from Hang-chow to the river En-ho, and by this to Tien-tsin. The section of it from the river Pei-ho to Peking is a series of five short canals, extending little more than thirteen miles in all. Four locks of the simplest construction would enable vessels to float from the waters of the Pei-ho to the gates of Peking; yet through all the centuries down to this day it has been the practice to unload each cargo four times, and to transfer it by manual labor from a boat on the lower level to a similar one on that above it. When it is considered that most of the food and other supplies wanted by a city containing a million souls is thus shifted four times in a distance of thirteen miles on its way to market, it can hardly be wondered at that China is not otherwise a progressive country. The visitor is disgusted to find that this vaunted relic of ancient civilization is here little better than a succession of five ill-kept and rather ruinous ditches.

Peking, the mysterious capital about which perhaps more travellers' tales have been told than almost any other city of ancient or modern times, is even worse than its approaches—more ruinous, more decayed, in every respect more objectionable to the eyes and noses of civilized men. The approaches to the city must at one time have had at least the merit of being substantial if they could not boast of being smooth. They were constructed of blocks of granite, each of which must have weighed many tons, and must apparently have been brought from as great or nearly as great a distance as were the vast blocks that formed the casing of the great pyramids or the huge obelisks at Luxor. This must have been done when there was still some breath of life in the ancient civilization of China, for the contribution of the later centuries has only been the gradual destruction of this cyclopean work of road-making. Now there are gaps at short intervals in which a deep pit of mud or an abyss of black dust lies in wait for the strange unwieldy carts, drawn by mules, which in Peking form the only means of locomotion available to a visitor. The capital of China, more perhaps than any other of its cities, impresses strangers with the utterly worn-out and decayed character of both the civilization and power of the empire. The mere sight of its gloomy and pretentious yet weak and decaying walls, its dark and filthy streets, its houses black with dirt, its surging crowds of poor-looking humanity moving without energy or much apparent object through its filthy atmosphere of soft black dust, most unpleasantly suggestive of the accumulated dirt of scores of generations of just such unclean creatures in human guise, is depressing in no ordinary degree. The narrow streets of Canton, and even the unsavory highways of Tien-tsin, are a pleasant memory by contrast with those of the capital of the eldest son of heaven. A day spent within the walls of Peking should satisfy the curiosity of the most curious, for there is really nothing to be seen, while the sounds, of which there are plenty, are in the last degree discordant, and the odors, whose name is legion, and whose nature is irresistibly suggestive of typhoid fever, are indescribable.

EN ROUTE TO PEKING—COOLIE BOATMEN TOWING HOUSE-BOAT UP THE PEI-HO.

However much the visitor from the West may find himself disappointed and the unwilling victim of disillusion as he visits the various Chinese cities open to the intrusion of strangers, there is one thing he is almost sure to cling to, one belief he cannot bring himself to give up—he believes in the Great Wall. Has he not stared at the pictures that professed to represent this Wonder of the World in his childhood, and admired the height and breadth, the massive stone-work, and the stately towers of the great structure stretching serpentlike over hill and valley for hundreds of miles, the magnificent though futile attempt to fence in an empire? This is all very natural, of course, but, as might have been expected, investigation is apt to subject the wall as well as the capital to a process of disillusion.

It is a comparatively easy matter nowadays to get a sight of the Great Wall, and that not merely of the section within a day's ride of Peking itself, but of other parts also which until lately were absolutely unapproachable by Europeans or any other strangers. Few things are more instructive to any one trying to understand the Chinese situation than the difference between the Great Wall as it approaches the capital and the same national work at a distance from observation. The visitor who inspects the wall from the point nearest Peking will undoubtedly be impressed by the greatness of the work, which he is told extends in one unbroken line from the Gulf of Pe-chi-li on the east to the border of Turkestan on the west. This part of the wall, it must be admitted, indicates one of those stupendous monuments of human labor which, when we consider how old they are, and generally how very useless, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of unreasoning admira-



ON THE SECTION OF THE GRAND CANAL BETWEEN TONG-CHOW AND PEKING—ALONG THE FIRST LEVEE.

PEKING—INSIDE VIEW OF THE GATEWAY LEADING TOWARDS THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

CHINESE WHEELBARROW AT CHEE-FOO.

tion, and it is not until we see the same work from other and less accessible points that it dawns upon the mind that the Peking section is a show piece, and that the rest of the wall does not at all correspond to it, and, what is more, never did. Recent explorations in the interests of possible railway extension have disclosed the truth that not only are large sections of the so-called wall utterly in ruins, but that most of it never deserved the name of a wall at all, being little if anything beyond a conglomerate of earth, sand, gravel, broken stones, or whatever material was most easily obtained on the spot. Nor was this all: over long stretches of country, probably hundreds of miles out of the two thousand miles the wall was supposed to extend, there never existed a wall at any time, but only a watch-tower here and there for purposes perhaps of observation, or, which in China is quite as probable, as a pretence to deceive the eye of a willingly deceived imperial inspector who had already been dealt with by the mandarins responsible for the work.

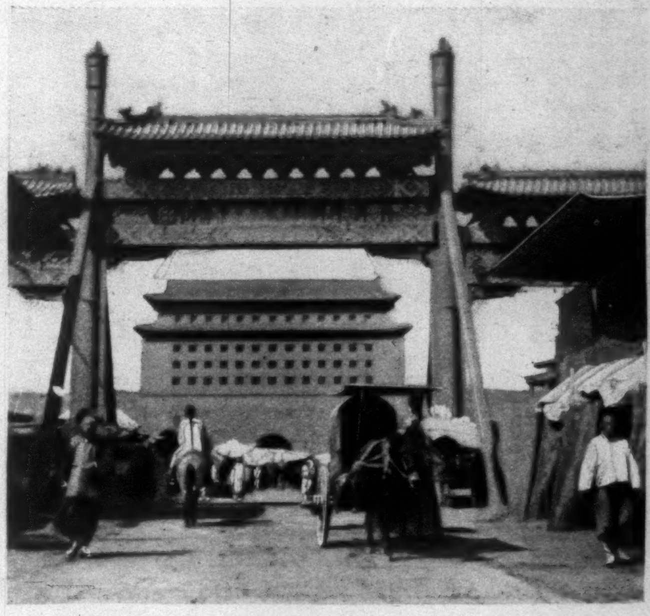
The Great Wall was in fact from the very first little more than a gigantic bluff, which, like not a few other bluffs, may have answered its purpose in its time, and it is only characteristic of the country and people that the attempt should have been made for so many centuries to keep up the delusion when nobody ever dreamt of keeping up the wall itself. Like the curious fossil civilization of which it was the offspring, the Great Wall—excepting the show piece near Peking—is sinking, as it must have been for many centuries, into natural and, in its way, picturesque decay.

Nobody can travel through China to-day without having the question daily and hourly suggested to his mind, what is to be the future of this vast empire, with its teeming population and its apparently almost boundless possibilities of development? The one thing that presses on the mind is the conviction that a change must be imminent. Here is a huge nation living under the shadow of a defunct civilization; its learning useless; its religion a mere superstition, capable of rousing it to outbursts of savagery, indeed, but wholly inoperative in its social life; its government utterly inefficient for any good purpose; its courts of justice and, indeed, every branch of its body politic seamed with vice and absolutely honey-combed with corruption to an extent never known before in any country, and yet a people capable of better things. It is clear that the impulse must come from the outside, for nothing could possibly reconcile the class of those in power in China to relinquish the methods which they have learned to revere as those of their ancestors—the wisest of human beings, as a matter of course—and to love as those which have enabled them to get and to

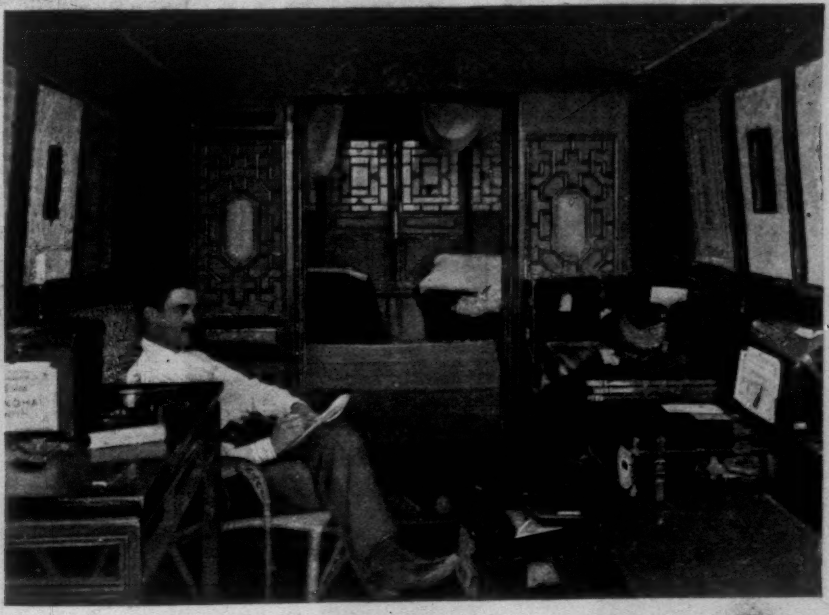
EN ROUTE TO PEKING—HOUSE-BOATING ON THE PEI-HO.

retain the best of all that was to be got. Knowledge is what is wanted in China—the knowledge that has been growing in other parts of the world in all the centuries during which the Chinese intelligence has been asleep, and this knowledge can only come by communication between the mass of the people and the outside world. It is true that during the last twenty-five years many young Chinamen have been sent to learn something of the knowledge of the Western world, and no doubt they have done so, but they have naturally enough only used that knowledge to keep the mass of the people in ignorance or to stir them up to prejudice, well knowing that their personal supremacy would be great only so long as it was shared by few.

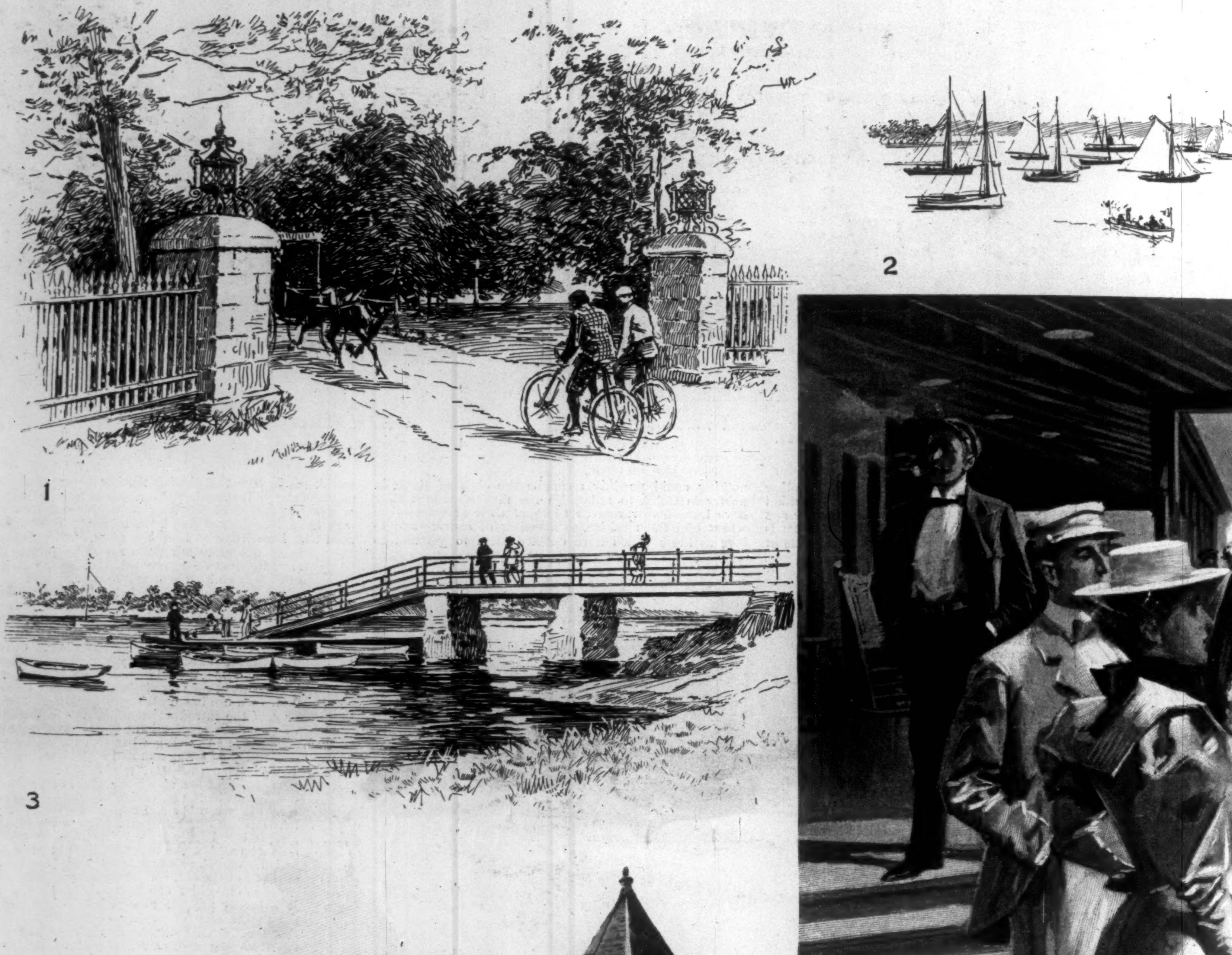
The first beginnings of that contact with the outside, or as a Chinaman would unhesitatingly call it at present, the barbarian, world, have been gradually made during the last thirty years, though the process has been necessarily slow. Contact with Europeans at the treaty ports has done something, and the gradual introduction of some of the inventions of the new civilization among them for their own use has probably done more. The history of the introduction of railway communication into the empire is at once amusing and instructive, as showing what can be done by undaunted perseverance united with a wise patience. If, as seems probable, the first great impetus propelling China along the path of progress is destined to be the extension of railway communication between her and the outer world, and also between the different parts of her own vast empire, it will hardly be too much to say that the man who will be the real father of her new civilization, as much as, or probably more than, Confucius was of the old, will be the man who has been engineer-in-chief of the first Chinese railway. It is hardly possible to conceive a work carried out in the face of greater obstacles than those that beset Mr. Kinder, the English engineer who, twenty years ago, was imported by the astute Viceroy to assist him in developing the coal-mines at Tong-shan. Not long before, the same great imperial functionary had incited the populace in the province of Shanghai by every private means available to tear up and to destroy the plant of the little railroad from the mouth of the Woosung up to the town of Shanghai, on the ground that such a fire-spouting dragon as the engine was both an insult and a menace to the graves and spirits of their ancestors, and the people had promptly carried out the programme by throwing engine, rails, and plant into the river. It was not avowedly to introduce fire-dragons, however, that the Viceroy imported the English engineer, but merely to design and to carry out a harmless tramway, to be worked, like the river boats on the Pei-ho, by manual labor. The history is a long one of how the



PEKING—APPROACH TO GATEWAY FROM THE CHINESE CITY.

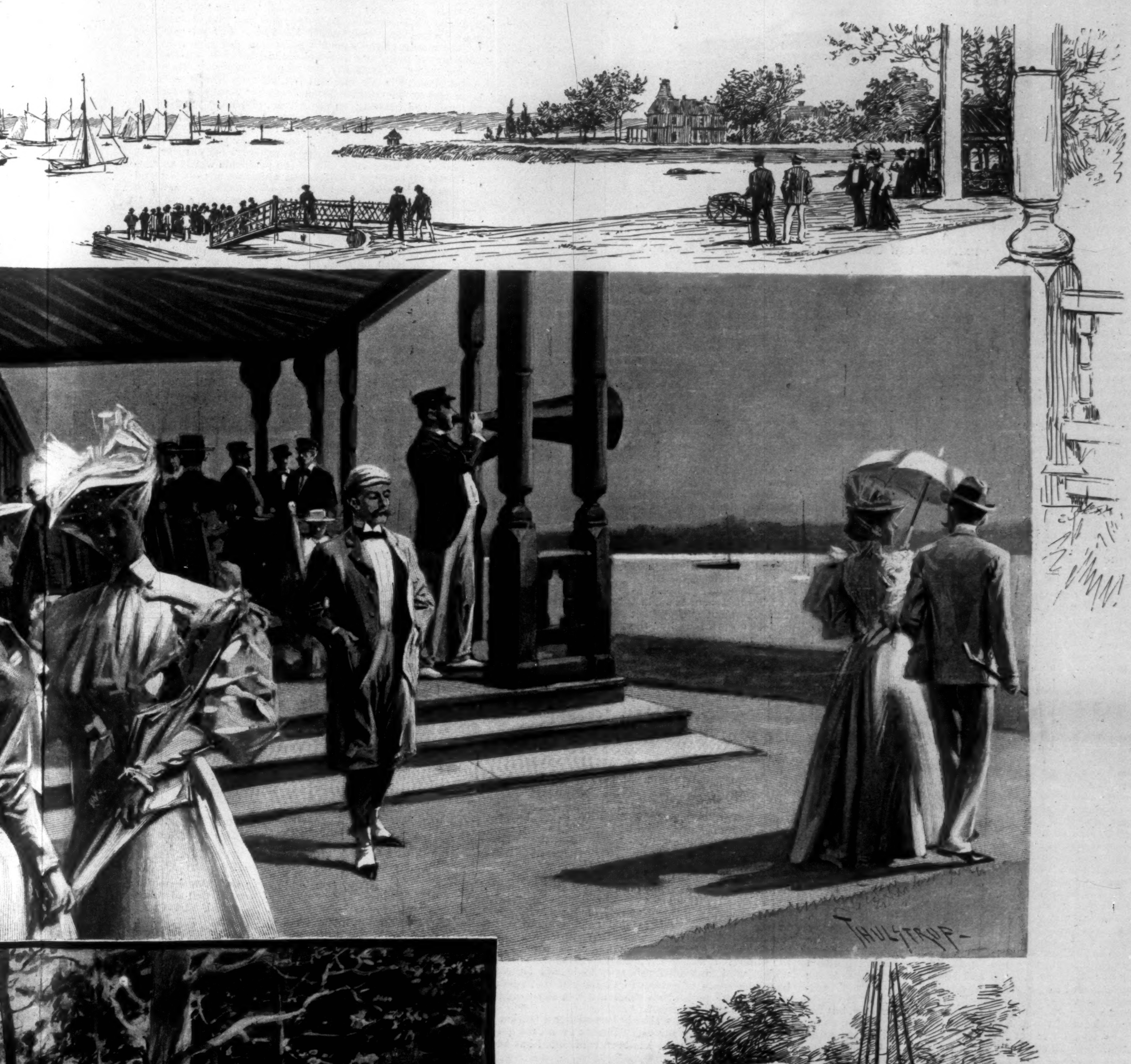


EN ROUTE TO PEKING—INTERIOR CABIN OF HOUSE-BOAT.



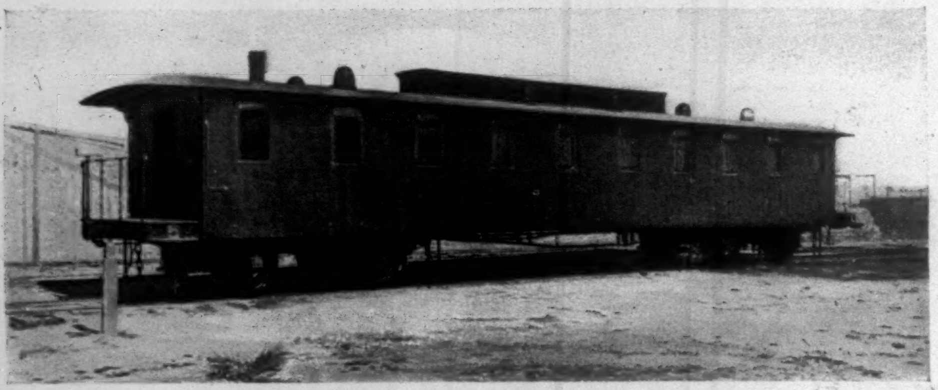
OPENING OF THE SEASON AT THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB, NEW YO

1. Entrance to the Grounds. 2. Larchmont Harbor. 3. Landing. 4. Calli



YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup and Charles Mente.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 573.]

Calling his Gig. 5. Club-House. 6. The Grove. 7. Overhauling the Yachts.



RAILROAD CAR USED BY THE VICEROY LI HUNG-CHANG.

engineer little by little improved upon his commission, gradually substituting iron for wooden rails, and step by step preparing the way for the dreaded steam-dragon who had been successfully exorcised at Shanghai. It was a work of years, and of a patient sagacity which was nothing short of heroic, and it was crowned with final success when the Viceroy, with great pomp, formally sanctioned by his presence the first trip on the iron railroad, constructed of the very rails, fished out of the Woo-sung River, of the original fire-dragon which had shared their fate.

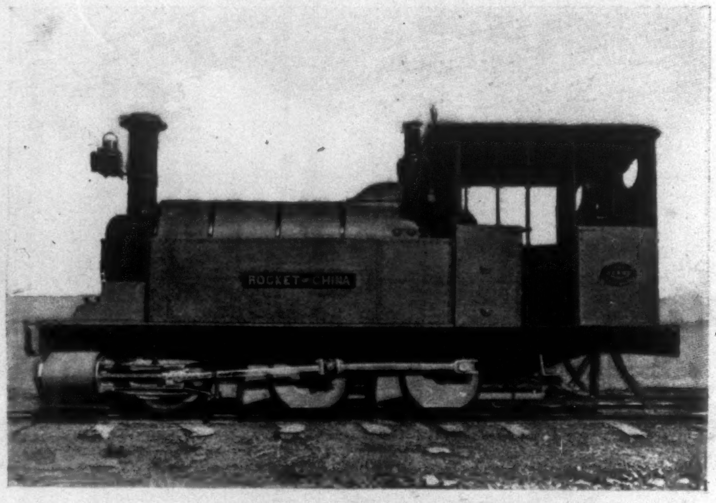
It was in this way that China was first introduced to the advantages of transit which was not dependent upon the great principle of manual labor, and although even now the extent of railway is but limited, the first great step has been accomplished by acclimatizing the idea among a people the most averse of all peoples to the reception of that which is new. The mere task of construction has been an easy one in the neighborhood of the Pei-ho, as it apparently would be through most of the eastern provinces of China, owing to the level character of the country, and the real difficulty which has been the barrier in the way of more rapid extension has been found in the unutterable corruption of every class of official and non-official person connected in the most remote way with the country through which the line was intended to pass. To this day the railway stops short at the bank of the river opposite Tien-tsin owing to the unconquerable objection of a particular river spirit to the erection of the bridge, the objection being prompted by one of his official descendants, who could not be accommodated with a bribe sufficiently large to meet the case. In no country in the world except China are the spirits of deceased ancestors a really available asset, but their value in the Celestial Empire almost entitles them to the superstitious reverence in which they are held. The country is a vast graveyard, as the sociability of a common cemetery is an idea not yet introduced, and a man buries his parents as a rule in the spot most convenient to himself. The practice interferes with railway construction more than could be credited by any one who was unaware of the fact that a Chinaman in a position to do so would never find himself at a loss for an ancestral grave in any conceivable position the disturbance of which might entitle him to compensation.

So far as the line already constructed goes it may be said to be a success, in so far, that is to say, as its management and its earning power can make a success under a system of universal peculation on the part of every official through whose hands any money passes. To the Imperial Treasury, indeed, it may well be that no profit accrues, but if so it is probably the only interested party that suffers, and it is a good deal more than likely that a large percentage of the vast wealth of the enterprising Viceroy, said to be the richest man in the East, and not improbably in the world, has been derived from the earnings of the Imperial Chinese Railway. That nothing would so quickly bring the country into touch with external civilization or so rapidly develop its vast resources and improve the condition of its people as the establishment of a well-managed railway system can hardly be doubted. At first sight everything would appear to favor such a scheme, but the experience of the men who have created the system as far as it has gone is not favorable to the idea that any rapid extension will ever be brought about by the Chinese themselves. The country, indeed, is exceptionally favorable to railway construction, swarming with population and rich in all the material wealth which goes to ensure the financial success of a railway undertaking, but in every Chinaman of station and influence it might look for an enemy who must be bought off at every stage of its progress, and who even then would most likely oppose it in secret. It is this which forces the conviction upon every observer that railway communication, like every other thing which tends to a new departure for the people of China, must be brought to her from the outside, and must in the first instance at least be forced upon her.

It is at least possible that one of the results of the late war with Japan may be just such an impetus to railway construction, and so to civilization and progress in China. Its first result has been to show the utter hollowness of the whole fabric of government, and the inability of its people to defend themselves either by land or sea. This has finally exploded the theory that China with its vast population would, if once aroused to action, become a really dangerous enemy. Indeed, her best security against dismemberment and at least partial absorption by the great powers of Europe to-day lies in the difficulty of their agreeing what each should take.

It is impossible to deny that Russia has an interest in the Chinese question such as no other nation, unless, indeed, it be Japan, can have at present. The interest of England, France, or Germany, like our own, is a commercial one only; but China is the neighbor of Russia, and in addition she is a neighbor for whom Russia has become responsible for a large amount of money to pay the war indemnity, and to free the soil of China from occupation by the conquerors in the late disastrous war. Experience does not favor the theory that Russia acted without a well-defined plan by which she proposed amply to repay herself for her friendly action. In the mean time it is evident from a hundred indications that Russian influence reigns supreme at Peking, and already it is whispered among those who know that the direction which her policy will take will be one which, while intended primarily to benefit Russia, may have the result of giving to China just that needed impulse on the path of civilization which she would never succeed in giving herself.

Since Russia first seriously turned her attention to the task of developing her vast Siberian estate, the one great difficulty by which she has been confronted has been the want of any adequate means of egress on the Pacific side. It was always certain that if the country was ever to be really prosperous and fit to sustain a large population it must have access to the ocean, and that that access must be more than occasionally available. For this purpose the mouth of the Amoor was useless, and even a harbor near the point at which Siberia meets Corea was very little better. Practically the whole of Corea or the whole of Manchuria lay, and still lies, between Russia and such a port as she requires for utilizing her great Siberian railroad and opening up effectively, either for purposes of peace or war, the eastern part of her vast empire. To seize upon Corea could hardly fail to produce war with Japan at present, and it is open to the yet more serious objection that it would by no means serve her purpose. A harbor on the eastern side of the peninsula would be little better than that of Vladivostok, which she already has, and there is no really good harbor on the western side, which faces the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. On the other hand, a line passing through Manchuria and thence through the northern province of China proper to Port Arthur, on the Leao-tong Peninsula, would supply a port and an outlet in all respects such as could be wished. Such a diversion of the great Siberian railroad, striking directly southeastwards from Irkutsk, would be little more than half as long as the line originally laid out, leading only to a port useless for shipping during many months in each year. That such is the result aimed at by Russian diplomacy cannot be doubted. It is not without reason that the whole line has been mapped out, and that its difficulties and advantages are to-day as familiar in St. Petersburg as are those of any other part of the Siberian railway. This, however, is not all. It would no doubt be much to obtain the control of sufficient country to enable the line to reach Port Arthur, and to gain that harbor for naval purposes, but even then the commercial prospects of the great trunk railway through Siberia would remain worse than doubtful. A connection with a great Chinese railway system, if that could be established and efficiently controlled in Russian interests, would effectually change all that.



FIRST LOCOMOTIVE USED ON THE PRESENT CHINESE RAILWAY,
Constructed largely from Material saved from Destruction when the Line built from Woo-sung to Shanghai in 1863 was abandoned.

That such a system, embracing an extension of the present Chinese line northwards to meet that of Siberia, and southwards to Han-kow, Shanghai, and Canton, would pay as but few railway enterprises do pay, becomes a certainty when the results achieved under less favorable circumstances both in India and Japan are considered. By its operations the shattered finances of the empire might be restored, and all danger of liability on account of the guaranteed loans be removed, while its effect in developing the mineral as well as the agricultural wealth of China would undoubtedly be marvellous. In addition to these things there would, of course, be for Russia the reward of an influence upon China the full extent and value of which cannot be estimated. If the plan, which there can be little doubt not only exists but has already been advanced several stages, should be successfully carried out, it would give into the hands of Russia an absolutely preponderating influence in the far East, while it could scarcely fail, in the earlier stages at any rate, to be of immense benefit to China. Some people may indeed be of opinion that China might enter upon a career of renewed progress and civilization under better, because more advanced and liberal, auspices than those of Russia, yet it may well be doubted whether any other nation either could or would undertake the task with any such prospect of success. Nothing less than a very powerful inducement would justify any nation, indeed, in taking the risks which the inauguration of such a policy in China may entail. It cannot fail to be at the best an anxious and a difficult task to throw open the doors of the great sealed empire to modern knowledge and civilization, and to start the inert mass of 400,000,000 of humanity upon the highway of progress, to which it has been a stranger for thousands of years. There will be a thousand obstacles, to be overcome before this can be done, a thousand difficulties to be sternly trampled under foot before it can be accomplished. If any nation can overcome them at present it is probable that Russia alone can do so, partly, it may be, for the very reason that her methods of government are less advanced than those of some other nations. Nothing, it may be safely said, can be done except by the high hand to overcome the difficulties that will present themselves, and while other nations may hesitate to approve such interference as may become necessary to carry into effect such a far-reaching policy in China as is suggested here, it is to be hoped they will bear in mind that heavy indeed will be the responsibility of any civilized people which for any selfish reasons shall put difficulties in the way of adding the millions of China to the ranks of progress from which they have so long been estranged.

RAILROAD BRIDGE ON THE IMPERIAL CHINESE RAILWAY.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE MAN IN THE WIDE BREECHES.

SHE ceased after this long account of her adventuring. And all the folk stood still in amazement, holding their breath while she told of the killing of young William Dalrymple and of the wraith. And then there arose a great cry from all the people:

"Tear the murderer in pieces! Kill him, kill him!" So that Cassillis had to summon men-at-arms to keep back that furious folk. For the death of my master seemed to them all a little thing and venial, compared with the killing of a lad like William Dalrymple. And this was because all the people in Carrick had been used all their days to feuds and the expiation of blood by blood.

The Earl was about to call me up to give an account of my part in the affair, and I was preparing myself to make a good and creditable appearance—a thing which I have all my life studied to do—when there came a mighty crying in the rear of the Bailzie Court. Men cried: "He comes! He comes!" as though it had been some great one. And all turned their heads, to the no small annoyance of Earl John, who loved not that men should look in any other direction than his own.

The ranks of the men-at-arms opened, and there strode into the square of trial—which was guarded by the pennons at the four corners—who but John Muir of Auchendrayne himself, wearing the same cloak of gray and broad plumed hat which had been his wont when he went upon dangerous quests. With him was another, shorter man, whose face was for the time being hidden, for he had pulled the cloak he was wearing about his mouth. He walked with an odd jolt or roll in his gait, and his breeches were exceedingly broad in the basement.

It was small wonder that we were aghast at the sudden compearing of the archcriminal, whose misdeeds in all the country-side had filled the cup of his wickedness to the full.

"Seize him!" cried Earl John, pointing at John Muir.

And his Bailzie's men took him roughly by the shoulders and set him beside his son. Then it was to be noticed, as the two stood together, that there was a great likeness between father and son. The elder man possessed the same features without any evident differences in outline; but so informed was his face with intelligence and power, that what was simply dull cruelty and loutishness in the one became the guile of guile and statecraft in the other.

"Wherefore, my Lord Earl," cried John Muir of Auchendrayne, "is this violence done to me and to the heir of my house? I demand to know concerning what we are called in question, and by whom."

Then the Earl of Cassillis answered him:

"John Muir of Auchendrayne, know then that you are charged, along with this your son, with the bloody murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, Tutor of Cassillis; and also with the cruel death of William Dalrymple, the young lad who brought you the message, to your own house of Auchendrayne, at what hour the Tutor should pass the trysting-place, at which he was by you and yours foully assaulted and slain."

"And who declares these things?" cried Muir, boldly, with a bearing more like that of an innocent man than of any criminal that ever I saw.

The Earl bade us, who had accused them so justly, to stand forth. John Muir eyed us with a grave and amused contempt.

"My son's false wife, whom sorrow has caused to dote concerning her father's death; her night-raking, rantipole sister; and her *paramour*, a loutish, land-loafing squire; the Dominie, cripple-dick and piping merry-andrew, that travelled with them—these are the accusers of John Muir of Auchendrayne. They have seen, heard, noted what others have been ignorant of! Nay, rather, is it not clear that they have collogued together to bear false witness against me and mine, for the sake of the frantic splenetic madness of her who is my son's fugitive wife, whose wrongs have only existed in her own imaginings?"

"You have forgotten me!" said Robert Harburgh, quietly, stepping forward.

"I know you well," said John Muir, "and I would remember you were you worth remembering. You are my Lord of Cassillis's squire, and erstwhile a gay ruffler, married to the Grieve's daughter at Culzean."

"Well," said Harburgh, "and what of that? Can a man not be all that and yet tell the truth?"

"That I leave to one who is greater to judge," said John Muir.

"And I do judge, John Muir," cried the Earl, rising in his chair of state. "I judge you to be a man rebel and mansworn traitor, and a man-slayer. For a score of years ye have keeped all this realm of Carrick in a turmoil, you and them that have partaken with you in your evil deeds."

"Loud swelling words are but wind, my Lord Earl of Cassillis," answered Muir of Auchendrayne, a dry smile of contempt coming over his features.

"Now I will show thee, bold ill-doer," said the Earl, fiercely, "whether I speak the words of a dotard or no. Forward, men, take him and bind him. Methinks we have yet engines within the Castle of Dunure that can make him declare the rights of this murderous treason!"

Then I rejoiced, not for the torture of our enemy, but because at last the Earl saw fully with our eyes, and would right us against the cruel oppressor of Marjorie Kennedy and the murderer of my gentle and courteous master.

But ere the men could carry out the orders of the Earl, the black-breeched man who had accompanied Auchendrayne, and who had all the while stood still and watchful, dropped his plaid, which like a mask he had held beneath his eyes. He was a middle-sized, fleshy man, with no great dignity of face, with a weak mouth that dribbled perpetually at the side, as if the tongue were too large for it. He wore a slashed doublet very full at the sleeves, baggy trunks, and a sword in a plain scabbard hanging at his side. I saw nothing further very particular about the man, save the shambling bend of his knees.

But the Earl looked at him, standing there arrested in the act of pointing with his hand at John Muir. He stood with his jaw fallen and his eyes starting from his head.

"The King! the King!" he muttered, in astonishment, looking about him like one distract.

"Ay, Baron Bailzie of Carrick, even the King," said the man in the wide trunk-hosen, "come to see how his sometime High Treasurer of Scotland executes just judgment in his own regality!"

The Earl came to himself, and he and all the people took off their hats. He stepped down and made his obeisance to the King, bending humbly upon his knee. Then he ushered the King to the throne whereon he himself had been sitting, and took a lower seat.

The King rose to speak.

"My Lord Earl and gentlemen of Carrick," he said, with dignity enough, but with a thick and rolling accent, as if his tongue had been too big for his mouth, "I know this case to the bottom. I am fully persuaded of the innocence of our trusty councillor John Muir of Auchendrayne, who is of the fraternity of learned men besides, and one that hath a history of this realm in script ready for the printers, wherein he does full justice both to myself and to my noble predecessors. He hath, as I should nominate it, an exactness of expression and a perspicuity of argument that have never been matched in the land. I propose shortly to make him my historiographer royal. Also I, the King, do know him to be a man well affected to the right ecclesiastical ruling of this land, and minded to help me with the due ordering of it."

The King puffed and blew after his speech, and we and all that were there stood silent. For to most of us he might as well have spoken in the Hebrew, of which he boasted himself so great a master. Then he went on:

"I have left my Lord Mar and my retinue some way in the rear. For we go to hunt the deer in what forest so ever the good-will of our loyal subjects may put at our disposal."

"You are right welcome, my liege," said the Earl John, starting up and standing bareheaded, "to my hunting-lodges and retinue, both in the Forest of Buchan and also at my house of Cassillis."

The King bent towards him royally, for James the Sixth had manners when he liked to show them, which, in truth, was not always.

"I thank you, trusty councillor," said he; "it is nobly and generously done—qualities which also marked your all too brief tenure of the office of High Treasurer of Scotland. But for the judging of this our worthy subject, I propose to take that upon myself, being wholly persuaded of his innocence. And as for those that have falsely accused them, let the men underlie my will in the prison most convenient, and the women be warded, meantime, in their own home and castle till I cause to be known my pleasure in the matter."

We stood aghast, and knew not what to say, so completely had Auchendrayne turned our flank with the King. Not a word had we found when the officers of the court to whom the charge was given came to put the iron rings on our wrists and march us off, even as we had hoped and expected to see Auchendrayne and his son taken.

And as the Dominie and I were haled away we could see Auchendrayne bending over the King's high seat, and his Majesty inclining to him and talking privately back and forth with many becks and uncouth graces, such as he had used in his address to the Earl and his people.

"He is the very devil himself," said the Dominie, meaning Auchendrayne and not the King; "he hath not halted to cozen the greatest man in this realm with his lying tongue!"

But I said nothing; for what had I to say? I had seen lands, honors, love, and consideration vanish at a stroke.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD.

THE court of the Baron Bailzie of Carrick broke up in confusion. It had been arranged that we should ride all together to the north, even to Culzean, where his Majesty might have due entertainment, nearer than my Lord's castle of Cassillis. Also it was upon this road that he had left the Earl of Mar and the favorite attendants with whom James the Sixth ordinarily rode to the hunting.

Those of the Auchendrayne and Bargany party who hated us clamored that we should be left to be warded in the lock-fast place of Girvan, where our enemies would soon have ta'en their will of us. But Robert Harburgh moved my Lord, who went about doure and heart-sick for the failure of his plans in the matter of the Muirs, to have us brought on with purpose to lodge us within the strengths of Dunure.

So that as I rode at the tail of the King's retinue, I was yet near enough to have sight of Marjorie and Nell, who rode before us. And this was much comfort to my heart.

The way lay for some miles along the sea-shore, which is here sandy, with a broad belt of fine hard beach, whereon the horses went daintily and well, while at our left elbows the sea murmured.

The King and John Muir rode first, and his Majesty constantly broke into loud mirth at some witty saying of his companion. Level with them, but riding moodily apart, was the Earl, while James Muir the Younger rode alone by himself behind these three.

I groaned within me for the exaltation of our enemy and the short-sightedness of anointed Kings.

"Is there a God in heaven," I cried aloud, "thus to make no sign while the devil is driving all things headlong to destruction according to his own devising?"

There was a God in heaven.

For just then, quick as an echo that answers from the wood, there before us lay upon the sands, just where the levels had been overflowed at the last tide, a thing which halted the cavalcade as suddenly as an army advancing with banners. The men crowded about, and having in the excitement a little forgotten all about us, their charges, we also were permitted to look. And this is what we saw:

There upon the ribbed sea-sand lay the dead body of the boy William Dalrymple. I knew him at a glance, for all that so much had come and gone since that day when I played at the game upon the green at Maybole. He lay with his arms stretched away from his sides, his face turned over, and one cheek dented deeply into the sand. It was a pitiful sight. Yet the lad was not greatly altered, wind-tossed and wave-borne as he had been, and now brought to cross the path of the unjust at the nick of time by the manifest judgment and providence of God.

"What means this?" said the King. "Some poor drowned sailor-boy. Let us avoid!" said the King, for of all things he loved not grewsome sights or the look of blood. But James Muir cried aloud at the vision as if he had been suddenly stricken with pain. And as he did so his father looked at him as though he would have slain him, so devilish was his look of hate and contempt.

But a woman who had come screeving hot-foot after the party now rushed to the front. She gave a loud scream, ear-piercing and frantic, when she saw the body lying all abroad upon the sand.

"My Willie, my ain son Willie!" she cried. For it was Meg Dalrymple. All her ignorant rudeness seemed to fade away in the presence of death, and as she lifted the poor mishandled head that had been her son's, each of us felt that she was akin to his own mother, widowed and bereaved. For I think that which touches us most in the grief of a mother is not our feeling for a particular woman, but our obligation to the mother of all flesh.

So when Meg Dalrymple lifted her son's head it might have been a Queen Mother with a dead kingling upon her knee.

"My ain, my ain lad!" she cried. "See, lammie, but I loved ye. Ye were the widow's ae son. Fleeter-fitted than the mountain roe, mair gleg than the falcon that sits yonder on the King's wrist, ye were the hope o' thy mither's life. And they hae killed ye, killed my bonnie wean, that never did harm to nae man—"

She undid a kerchief from about the white, swollen wrist of her son.

"Kens ony man that image and superscription?" said she, pointing to an embroidered crest upon it.

John Muir strode forward hastily. He was as pale as death. "Give it me. I will pass it to his Majesty," he said.

But the woman leaped up fiercely. "Na," she said; "the butcher kens his ain knife; but he will hide it in the day of trial. I will give it to my ain well-kenned Lord."

And she put the napkin in the hands of the Earl of Cassillis, who looked at it with the most minute attention.

"This kerchief," said the Earl, gravely, "has the crest and motto of John Muir of Auchendrayne."

The King looked staggered and bewildered.

"Let all dismount till we try further of this thing," he said.

But John Muir would have had him go on, saying that it was yet more of the plot. But the King would not now listen to him. For he was an obstinate man, and oftentime he would listen to no reason, though his ear was ever open enough to flattery. Besides, he thought himself the wisest man in all the islands and kingdoms of the world—wiser even than Solomon, the son of David.

So his Majesty commanded his inclination, and went up to the body. There was a rope around the neck with a long end, which was imbedded in the sand. With his own hand the King drew this out. He held it up.

"Kens any man this length of rope?" he asked, looking about.

Now one strand of rope is like another as two peas. But this was the Solomon's way of judging—to find out the insignificant, and pretend that it told him a mighty deal.

Yet it so happened that there was a man there from out of the sea-coast of Girvan. He was a coastwise sailor, and he took the rope in his hand.

"This rope," he said, turning it about in his hand every way, "is Irish made, and has been used to tie bundles of neat hides."

"And who," again asked the King, shrewdly, as I do admit—"who upon this coast trades with Ireland in the commodity of neat hides?"

"There is but myself and James Dalrymple of Chapeldonnan," replied the man, honestly and promptly.

"And this is not your rope?" said the King.

"Nay," said the man; "I would not buy a pennyworth of Irish hemp so long as I could twine the hemp of Scotland, no not to hang an Irishman I would not do it. This is James Dalrymple's rope!"

Then said the King, "Bring hither James Dalrymple of Chapeldonnan."

And they brought him. He stood forth, much feared indeed, but taking the matter dourly, like the burly ruffian he was. But when put to the question he denied the rope, and that in spite of all threats of torture. Yet in spite of all I could see that the King was greatly shaken in his opinion, and knew not what to think, for when John Muir drew near to touch his arm, and, as before, say somewhat to him, the King drew hastily away, and looked at Auchendrayne's hand as though there had been pollution upon it, so that I knew that his opinion was wavering. Also the poor body in the mother's arms daunted him.

Suddenly he clapped his hands together and became exceedingly joyous and alert.

"I have it," he cried; "the ordeal of touch! It is God's ordinary and manifest way of vindicating His justice. Here is the dead body of the slain. Here are all the accused and the accusers. Let it be equally done. Let all touch the body, for the revealing of the secrets of the hearts of wicked men."

Then John Muir laughed and scoffed, saying that it was but a freit, a foolish opinion, an old wives' fable.

But for all his quirksome guile he had gotten this time very mightily on the wrong side of the King, for his Majesty was just mad with belief in these things as omens and miracles of God's providence. So the King shook him off and said, "It is my royal will that all that are tainted with the matter shall touch."

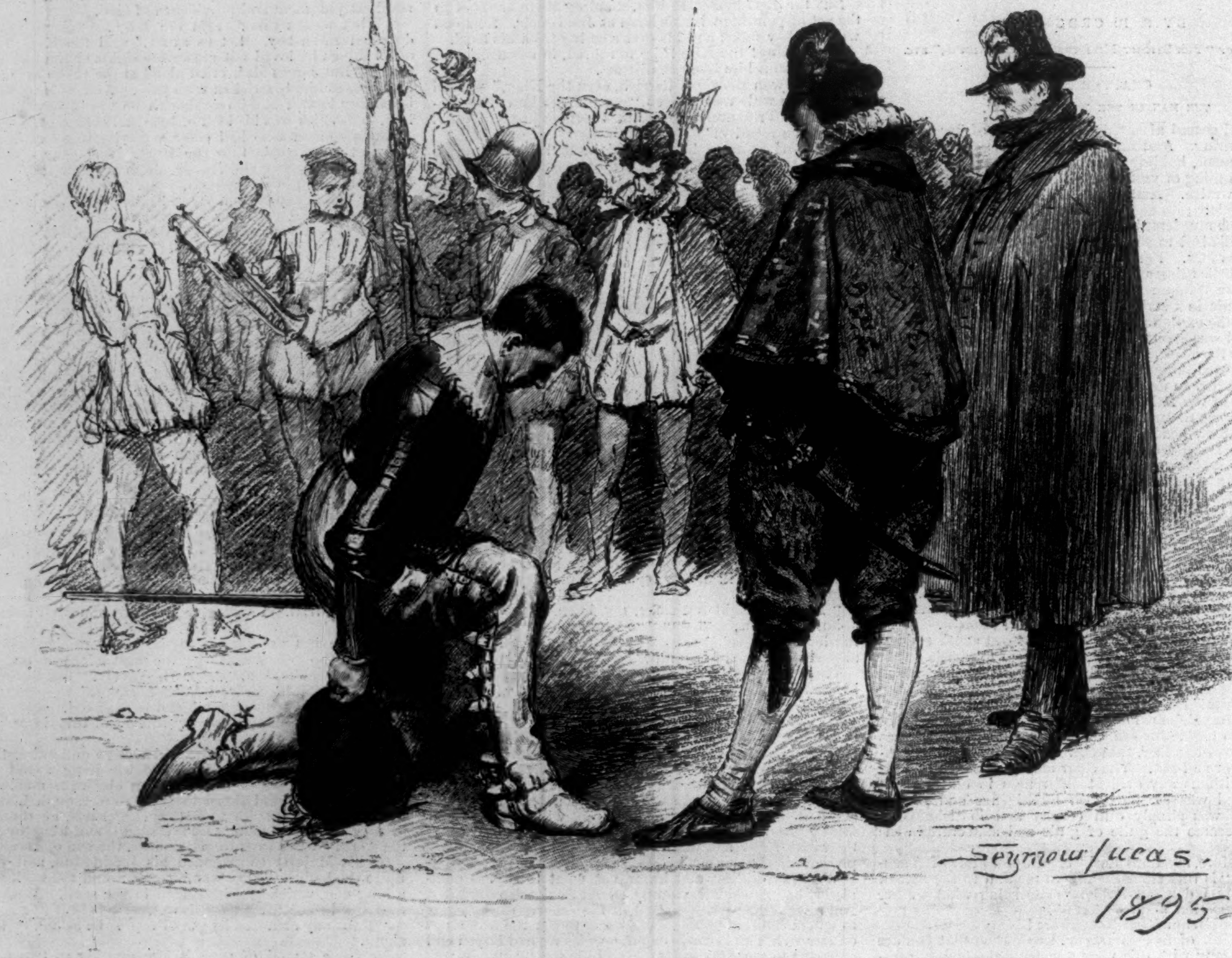
And the saying pleased him, being, as it were, pleased with his own words and plaiks.

So they brought us forward in the crous as we were, and first of all I touched fearlessly the poor dead body of the lad. Yet it was with some strange feeling, though I knew well that I was wholly innocent. But yet I could not forget that something might happen, and then good-by to this fair world and all the pleasant stir of life within it.

Then after me the Dominie touched, even Marjorie and Nell doing it with set faces and strange eyes.

It was now the times of the real murderers, and my heart beat little and fast to see what should happen.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.



"HE STEPPED DOWN AND MADE HIS OBEISANCE TO THE KING, BENDING HUMBLY UPON HIS KNEE."

"Let Auchendrayne the Younger touch first, being the more directly accused!" cried the King.

But James Muir seemed to flame out suddenly distract. He cried out: "No, no, I will not touch! I declare that I will not go near him!"

And when his father strove to persuade him to it he struck at him with his open hand, leaving the stead of his fingers dead white upon his father's cheek. And when they took his arm and would have forced him to it, he threw himself down headlong in the sand, crying: "I will not touch for blood! I will not touch for blood!"

But in spite of his struggling they carried him to where the body lay. And, all men standing back, they thrust his bare hand sharply upon the neck where the rope had been.

And, it is true as Scripture, I that write declare it, out from the open mouth of the lad there sprang a gout of black and oozy blood.

Whereat a great cry went up, and James Muir fell forward as one suddenly stricken dead. All crowded forward to see, crying, with one voice: "The Judgment of God! The Judgment of God!"

And I cried too, for I had seen the vindication of justice upon the murderer. The blood of Abel had cried out of the waste sea sand. The mark of God was on the guilty.

Then suddenly in the midst of the push I heard a stirring and a shouting.

"Stop him! Stop him!" they cried.

I looked about, and, lo! there upon his horse was John Muir. He had stolen away while all eyes were on the marvel. He passed unregarded through the press, and now he rode for his life southward along the shore.

I gave one mighty twist to the manacles, and whether those that set them had been kindly, being of my own name and clan, or the gyves were weak, I cannot tell. At all events, my hands were free, and so, with never a weapon in my hand, I leaped on a horse—that, indeed, which the King had been riding—and set it to the gallop after the man whose death was my life.

It was the mad venture. For doubtless my enemy was well armed. But I seemed to see my love, and the endowment of grace and favor I was to receive with her, vanishing away with every stride of John Muir's horse. Besides, there was the King and an Earl looking on. So upon the King's horse I settled down to a long chase.

I was already far forward, when behind me I heard the clatter of mounting men, the crying to restive horses to stand still, and the other accompaniments of a cavalcade leaping into the saddle. But when I looked at John Muir upon his fleet steed, and saw that I upon the King's horse but scarcely held my own, I knew that the stopping of the murderer must be work of mine, if it was to be done at all. So I resolved to chance it with whatever armory of weapons he might carry.

But first I cleared my feet of the great stirrups which the King used, so that if it came to the bitter pinch, and I was stricken with a bullet or pierced with steel, I should not be dragged helpless along the ground with my foot in the iron, as once or twice I have seen happen in battle.

And that, though an easily memorable, is, I can bear witness, not a bonny sight.

My charger stretched away as though he had been running conies of the down into their holes. But John Muir's horse went every whit as fast. I saw well that he made for the deep trackless places of Killochan wood. The oak-trees that grew along its edge stretched out their arms to hide him. The birken shaw waved all its boughs with a promise of security. I shortened my grip upon my staff, which the King carried at the pommel of his saddle.

Yet as John Muir drave madly towards the wood, and sometimes looked over his shoulder to see how I came on, I was overjoyed to notice a wide ditch before him which he must needs overleap. And at that business, if at no other, I thought to beat him, being slim and of half his weight.

So I kept my horse to the right, upon better ground, though it took me a little out of the straight course for the wood. His horse at the first refused the leap, and I counted upon him as mine. But I counted too soon. For he went down the bank-side a little way to an easier place, where there was a little landward man's bridge of tree and sods. Here he easily walked his horse across, and having mounted the bank, he waved his hand at me and set off again toward the wood.

But now, while he had an uneven country to overpass, I had only the green fields, rich in old pasture, and undulating like the waves of an oily sea when the sea is deep and there is no break of the water. He was at the very edge of the wood before I came upon his flank. I gave a loud shout as I set my horse to his speed and circled about to head him off. But John Muir, though an old man, only settled himself firmer in his saddle, and with his sword in his hand, rode soldierly and straight at the wood, as though I had not at all been in front of him.

It was wisely enough done, for his heavier beast took mine upon the shoulder and almost rolled me in the dust. For he came upon me not front to front, as a rider meets his foe in the lists, but as it were stem to side, like two boats that meet upon opposing tacks.

Yet I managed to avoid him, being light and supple, though he leaned far over and struck savagely at me as he passed. Again at the third shock he had almost overridden me and made me die the death. But I had not practised horsemanship and the durance of fighting in the saddle so long for nothing. Indeed, on all the seaboard of Ayr there was no one that could compare with me in these things. Therefore it was easy for me, by dint of my quickness and art, to swerve off to the right and receive the sword stroke in my cloak, which I carried twisted about my left arm.

Then, keeping still between the wood and John Muir, I met him this time face to face, with my eyes watching the direction of his eye and the crook of his elbow, that I might know where he meant to strike. For a good sworder knows the enemy's intent, and his blade meets it long ere thought can pass.

So it was no prophecy which told me that he meant to slash me across the thigh when he came anigh me. I knew it or ever his blade was raised. So that when he struck I was ready for him and measured his blade, proving my existence as if it had been upon parade. And as the blade whistled by me I judged that it was my time, and struck him, all I could muster, a crashing blow with the heavy butt of the King's stave upon the face, which stunned and unsettled him so that he pitched forward upon his face, yet not so as to lose his seat.

Yet the stroke with the swing of my arm fell also partly upon his horse's back, which affrighted the beast, and set him harder than ever to the running. So that I was passed ere I knew it, and the wood was won. But I was not thirty yards behind him, and looked to make the capture ere we reached the further side. And but for a foul trick I should have done it. It so happened that there is a little hill in the woods of Killochan, and I, seeing that John Muir was riding about one side of it, took round the other, thinking that I had the shorter line of it.

But he, so soon as he saw me make round the corner, turned his horse into its own hoof-marks and sped away back again, as it had been to meet them that pursued, but at the same time bearing enough to the south to clear them easily. So that when I came round the hill I saw no quarry, and only heard the boughs crushing in his wake.

Nevertheless, I took the line of his retreat (as I thought), yet not so correctly but that when I issued forth from the wood I saw him nigh half a mile in front. Again he waved a contumelious hand, which made me so fiercely angry that I tightened a girth and my waist-belt and vowed to go no more back to sunny Culzean if I took not back the head and hands of John Muir at my saddle-bow.

So, with set and determined brow, I rode ever forward. It was the cast of the die for me. For Nell herself, our life together, and the green pastures and lavender-scented napery cupboards were all to come out of the catching of this enemy of our house. It is small wonder that I was passing keen upon the matter.

Yet, in spite of my endeavors, I gained little. And it was already graying to the twilight when I came to a place, waste and solitary, where there were but few houses about. I had seen John Muir ride in thitherwards. And so I followed him full tilt, reckless of danger, being weary-heart with the ill fortune of my riding and quest.

But as I entered the narrows of the pass a pistol cracked from an ambuscade. I felt a hot, stunning blow upon the head, and with the pain I remember laying hold of my horse's mane and gripping tight with a hand on which the broken manacle still jangled. Something warm flowed over my brow, and I saw everything red, as though I had been looking through the stained glass of some ancient kirk—red flowers, red grass, red sand, and red sea.

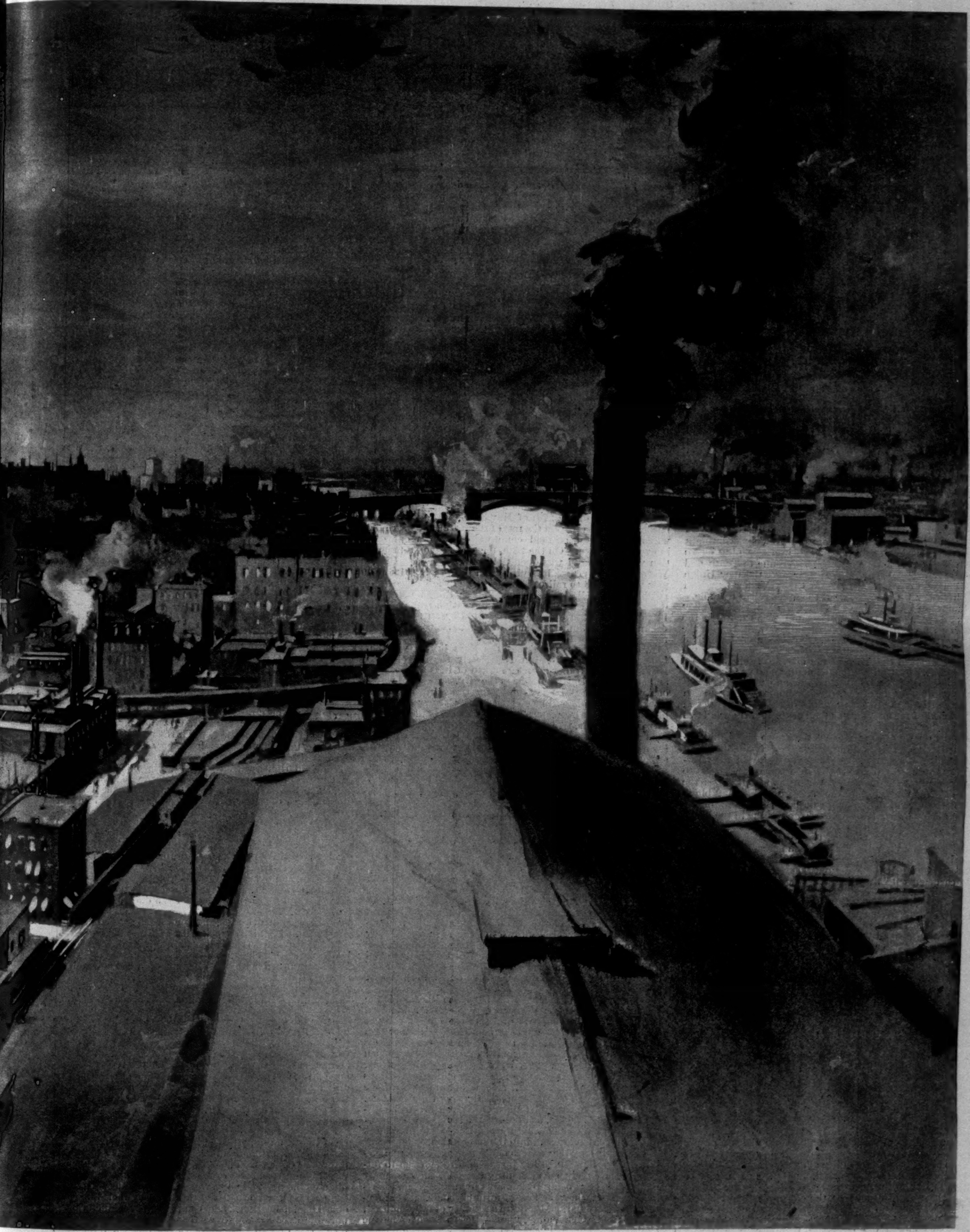
That was all I saw, and I do not remember falling to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NG THE REGIO

Mill Creek Valle[y], i
Steamboats and W

569



Elevated Railroad. Eads Bridge. East St. Louis.

GION DEVASTATED BY THE TORNADO OF MAY 27, 1896.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 570.]

, indicated by the curving Line of the Elevated Road, which comes down the Valley from the Union Station and goes north to the Merchants Wharves. The east End of the Bridge was wrecked, and the Elevators and Mills near it were destroyed by the Storm and by Fire.

THE ST. LOUIS DISASTER.

The most extraordinary catastrophe in the history of St. Louis visited that city on the evening of Wednesday, May 27. With little warning, a whirling storm-cloud struck the city shortly after five o'clock, wrecking buildings and destroying human life. Five hundred dead and many millions of dollars' damage were the summary of the storm's work which first went to the outer world over insecure telegraph wires. Later reports show that the dead in St. Louis and in East St. Louis, its trans-Mississippi neighbor, number probably between 400 and 500, and that the damage may exceed twenty million dollars. Many hundreds of wounded lie in improvised hospitals, and many made homeless by the storm are awaiting the assistance of the Relief Committee.

At Springfield, Illinois, midway between St. Louis and Chicago, I saw, many years ago, a "cyclone cellar." Some years before that I had seen the wreck left in the path of the famous Marshfield cyclone in southern Missouri. All around St. Louis the danger of the wind-storm is recognized, but in the city there had been no thought of possible calamity, no provision made against it.

The tornado came out of the west, on a hot sultry day. It came with no early warning, except the gathering clouds and the heavy stillness which mark the coming of a thunder-shower in summer. Short sharp puffs of wind broke the calm at times, and there was an ominous quiet hanging over the busy city. Then out of the northeast came a greenish cloud, seen of but few. It swung around the northern sky with an erratic movement, and then came swiftly toward the city from the west. Just where the storm-blows were struck before it reached the city is not known fully yet, though fragmentary stories of desolation come from many points west of St. Louis. Like all destructive storms, it played freakish tricks in its passage, levelling one village and leaving another unharmed, uprooting timber in one place and skimming the tree-tops in another. So it came upon the city, passing harmlessly above hundreds of houses that lay directly in its path, and falling with awful force on others not so much exposed.

St. Louis is divided on an east and west line by the Mill Creek Valley. The creek for which the valley was named now lies far below the surface, and is an adjunct to the city's sewer system. In this valley lie most of the railroad tracks which enter the city. Twenty years ago, when ferries brought passengers and freight from Eastern roads across the Mississippi River, only the west-bound railroads used the valley. When the great Eads Bridge was planned and the Union Depot was constructed, the meeting-place of east and west bound roads was fixed in this valley, and the tunnel from the bridge was brought under the city's streets and houses in a sweeping curve from Main Street and Washington Avenue to Tenth and Poplar streets. When, only a year ago, the new Union Station was completed, the Mill Creek Valley remained the highway for practically all the city's railroad traffic.

It has not been many years since the Mill Creek Valley was bridged, so as to make communication between the northern and southern sections of the city safe. But for the little garden spot around Lafayette Park and the limited residence section to the west known as Compton Hill, the improvement of that part of the city has been for many years chiefly in the direction of small, cheap dwellings and factories. Between Lafayette Park and the river, a little more than a mile away, the few homes once occupied by some of the old French families of St. Louis have been abandoned of recent years as tenements, and the factories thickened about them.

It was on Compton Hill that the storm-cloud first descended, striking its first blow near the junction of Grand and Lafayette avenues. Fortunately it spared the reservoir, or the horrors of a flood would have been added to the calamity. From Grand Avenue it swept down the south side of the valley to the river-front, the wind blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and the rain following it in sheets. Those who saw anything in the blinding darkness tell of a funnel-shaped cloud which went whirling down the path of the storm, twisting heavy buildings from their foundations and leaving no structure that it touched without some scar. Roofs were torn off, walls wrenched away, windows shattered. Wind-swept and carpeted with trees were many streets through which it passed. Others were blocked with bricks and timbers from wrecked buildings. Here and there the storm stretched out an arm to north or south, but its straight path was down the valley.

When it reached the river it spread in two directions. To the south it wrought havoc among the small, cheap, flimsy tenements of the German quarter of the town, here and there tearing apart some big factory building which stood among them. But the main stem of the storm-cloud turned north, and wrecked the river-front from Chouteau Avenue to the northern limits of the city. All along the levee lay the big river boats—too big by far for the Mississippi's shrinking traffic. Happily it was too early for excursion crowds, or the list of fatalities in the disaster would be longer. Most of the boats were empty at their wharves when the storm-cloud came twisting down the Mill Creek Valley, and, turning to the north, swept the river-front clear of every tug and steamboat and every wharf-boat that lay moored against it. Some of these big boats it flung against the Illinois shore, some it turned over on the bosom of the river, and some it wrecked against the piers of the great bridge. The bridge itself was wrecked, its superstructure torn away, one of its granite piers decapitated, and a train which was crossing to the Illinois shore turned upside down on the tracks. Beyond the bridge the same ruin was wrought—buildings were wrecked, trees uprooted, huge piles of lumber sent flying through the air.

As it swept up the river, the storm-cloud spread to the Illinois shore, and here it did its greatest damage. The town of East St. Louis is the eastern gateway to the great city just across the river. A few years ago it was a "railroad town"—a town of cheap boarding-houses and cheap stores and cheaper saloons. A few days ago it was a business community, well governed, and prosperous in its growing industries. But its buildings were less substantial than those of the larger city. So when the storm-cloud swept along the western border of the town it levelled to the ground almost every building in its path. Flour-mills, grain-elevators, hotels, dwellings, railroad warehouses, were scattered to the levee and the sloughs, railroad trains were lifted from their tracks and overturned. And here the loss of life was greater, as the loss of property was more complete. Few escaped uninjured from the tumbling walls of the hundreds of East St. Louis buildings which the storm laid waste. Fire helped the work of devastation, and the wrecking of the water-works made the fire department almost helpless.

Beyond East St. Louis is a stretch of country which was dotted with prosperous little towns. Many of these have been wiped out of existence, but how many will not be known until communication has been fully re-established. The telegraph wires in the path of the storm were almost the first things to go.

At 6 o'clock on the evening of May 27 the cities of St. Louis and East St. Louis lay prostrate. The darkness of the storm-cloud still hung over them. Their streets were strewn with wreckage under which lay dead or dying men and women. Men separated by miles from their homes could find no means of communicating with their loved ones by telegraph or telephone, no way of getting to them except by walking through the devastated streets beneath the overhanging walls of half-wrecked buildings. The horrors of fire were added to the storm calamities, and as night came on the work of rescue and relief was made more difficult by an inky darkness unrelieved by any glimmer of light—for the electric wires were all down, and in one section the gas reservoir had exploded during the storm. It was not until the morning of the 28th that a full inventory of the storm's tragic work could be attempted.

Among the strange things that the storm-cloud did was to tear the wall from the side of the heavy jail building, while it did but little damage to the frail Auditorium building just across the street. Many factories were torn apart or twisted on their foundations, and many flimsy dwellings in the storm's track were left almost unharmed. The City Hospital was wrecked, and of its 400 inhabitants one was killed by fright, and two were injured so that they died. The grand stand of the race-track was unroofed. The Poor-house was damaged badly, the Armory Building was unroofed, and the Chamber of Commerce was racked and flooded. Happily the path of destruction did not lie along the line of the city's latest growth. It covered the older residence section, and a business section which of recent years, with the decline of the river traffic, has been half abandoned. Although the damage is great, it is not so serious as it would have been if the west end had been devastated or the business centre of the city had been wrecked. Nor is the loss of life so great as it would have been if some of the big business buildings had collapsed.

On the night of the 27th of May St. Louis, in her desolation, was shut off from the rest of the world. Telegraph wires were down, railroad communication was cut off in every direction. On the 28th, telegraphic communication with the world was opened by way of Kansas City. Wrecking trains came hurrying from all directions to repair the damage to railroad property, and the work of repairing the bridge was begun. These things must be done promptly if the Republican Convention is to be held in the Auditorium June 16. It would be an additional calamity if the National Committee should choose another meeting-place for the Convention.

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George Grantham Bain.

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The opening of the Red Lake Indian Reservation in northern Minnesota, May 15, removes another immense tract of land from the domain of the government, although there yet remains to the fifteen hundred Indians on the reservation a large area of arable and timbered territory. The reservation proper on the morning of May 15, before the white settlers entered upon it, was an empire by itself, larger than the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, nearly as large as these States and Delaware, and not much smaller than either the State of Massachusetts or of New Jersey.

The reservation extends to the Canadian line, and is the border region between the two countries for a hundred miles. It contains what is probably the largest body of virgin pine left standing on the continent, at least within the bounds of the United States. A large amount of this great forest is included in the part of the reservation which has just been opened. It will not be taken up by settlers, but will be sold at auction on the first and fifteenth days of July of the present year. The minimum price of the stumpage, as it is called, is three dollars per thousand feet. There is also, in all probability, much iron ore to be discovered in the region, as the Messabi Range northwest of Duluth, now the richest high-grade iron-mining region in the world, extends down into the reservation.

The land along the western and southwestern boundary-line, the portion which has just been thrown open to settlement, is largely an agricultural region, such swampy places as appear being reclaimable by drainage, and making, when dry, the very best of farming-lands. It is practically a continuation, for quite a number of miles at least, of the Red River Valley, known the world over as the choicest wheat-growing region in America. The district has long been the home of much wild game—deer, moose, elk, bear, and all kinds of smaller game—while the many lakes and swift short rivers furnish abundant fishing of the finest sort. Some idea of the immense size of the reservation may be gleaned from the fact that in the part still left to the Indians there is located the largest fresh-water lake wholly within the boundaries of any State to be found in the United States—Red Lake, as it is called. The nearest point to the southern line of the reservation is about three hundred and fifty miles north of the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The reservation has been the home of the Chippewa Indians for centuries. They are a remarkably peaceable and friendly tribe. The portion which was opened May 15 was bought from the Indians under treaty provisions. It is estimated that there are at least eight hundred thousand acres of land which will be found arable. The settlers pay $1 25 per acre for it, with incidental registration fees amounting to about fifteen dollars, and have five years in which to pay for the land. At the price at which similar lands are now held in the Red River Valley immediately contiguous, these lands, when put under the plough and sown to wheat, will be worth something like sixteen millions of dollars.

As early in the year as late February and early March prospective settlers from surrounding States began their long overland journeying to the region. The winter was favorable to such migration; but about the 1st of April heavy rains set in, discouraging many settlers, and causing many to return to their homes.

As the date of opening approached, however, there were a good many thousands of settlers in the region. Some of them staid conscientiously at the line over which they were not to pass until the stroke of nine on the morning of the 15th; others waited at the land-office at the town of Crookston, preferring to make filings upon the land they wanted before going upon it, believing that priority of filing would beat priority of location when it came to a contest; while many others, and by far the larger number, if one is to judge by personal investigation as well as by report, did not wait for any opening-gun to be fired on opening-day, but calmly moved upon the reservation many hours before the opening-time, and located themselves on the land of their choice. Of course this was all contrary to law, and to the special telegraphic instructions of Commissioner Lamoreau that no settlers be allowed on the reservation before the hour of opening. It would have been practically impossible to prevent the settlers, however, from entering upon the reservation, as it would have required a military force large enough to patrol a line at least 300 miles long to keep them from making entrance. So there was no obstacle whatever placed in the way of the settlers, and many of them entered the lands long in advance. Of course, when it comes to filing at the land-office, it may transpire that these settlers have forfeited their rights by thus going upon the land in advance, but it will be difficult in many cases to establish evidence against them.

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Among the many interesting incidents of such an occasion was one in which a matronly-looking washer-woman from the city of St. Paul played an important part. A man named Ted McCall had held the place at the head of the line for three days. About four o'clock on the day before the opening, not noticing a woman in the dark hallway outside the register's office which led down to the street, and in which there was a dirty, haggard, unkempt, ghastly-faced crowd of men in line, he left his place for an instant, when the silent woman, who had been standing in the shadows, produced a camp-stool and seated herself at the head of the line in fine triumph.

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After the opening-day of filing, large numbers of those who had been on the reservation, and had selected there their lands, came down to Crookston to make their filings. Out of this dual act will arise many contests. It would seem that those settlers who went on the reservation in good faith, and began active home-making operations after duly complying with the law, should win in a contest with those who might have filed upon the same land, but who had never been on the land, and who had merely secured their description from some land-locator.

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The opening of this great reservation adds much to the value and the importance of a region now one of the richest in minerals, in pine forests, and in farming-lands to be found in the United States.

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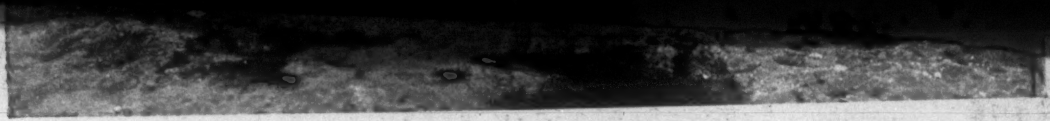
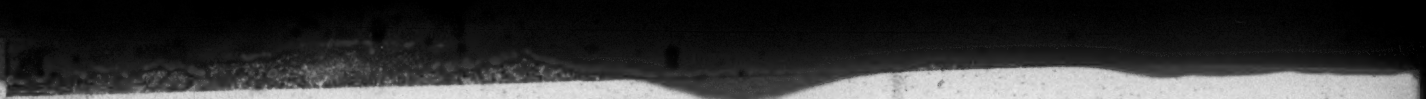


THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT SHAN-HAI-KWAN—BREAK THROUGH WHICH THE RAILWAY IS TO PASS.



OUTER FACE OF THE GREAT WALL.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION.—CHINA TO-DAY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

THE ST. LOUIS DISASTER.

The most extraordinary catastrophe in the history of St. Louis visited that city on the evening of Wednesday, May 27. With little warning, a whirling storm-cloud struck the city shortly after five o'clock, wrecking buildings and destroying human life. Five hundred dead and many millions of dollars' damage were the summary of the storm's work which first went to the outer world over insecure telegraph wires. Later reports show that the dead in St. Louis and in East St. Louis, its trans-Mississippi neighbor, number probably between 400 and 500, and that the damage may exceed twenty million dollars. Many hundreds of wounded lie in improvised hospitals, and many made homeless by the storm are awaiting the assistance of the Relief Committee.

At Springfield, Illinois, midway between St. Louis and Chicago, I saw, many years ago, a "cyclone cellar." Some years before that I had seen the wreck left in the path of the famous Marshfield cyclone in southern Missouri. All around St. Louis the danger of the wind-storm is recognized, but in the city there had been no thought of possible calamity, no provision made against it.

The tornado came out of the west, on a hot sultry day. It came with no early warning, except the gathering clouds and the heavy stillness which mark the coming of a thunder-shower in summer. Short sharp puffs of wind broke the calm at times, and there was an ominous quiet hanging over the busy city. Then out of the northeast came a greenish cloud, seen of but few. It swung around the northern sky with an erratic movement, and then came swiftly toward the city from the west. Just where the storm-blows were struck before it reached the city is not known fully yet, though fragmentary stories of desolation come from many points west of St. Louis. Like all destructive storms, it played freakish tricks in its passage, levelling one village and leaving another unharmed, uprooting timber in one place and skimming the tree-tops in another. So it came upon the city, passing harmlessly above hundreds of houses that lay directly in its path, and falling with awful force on others not so much exposed.

St. Louis is divided on an east and west line by the Mill Creek Valley. The creek for which the valley was named now lies far below the surface, and is an adjunct to the city's sewer system. In this valley lie most of the railroad tracks which enter the city. Twenty years ago, when ferries brought passengers and freight from Eastern roads across the Mississippi River, only the west-bound railroads used the valley. When the great Eads Bridge was planned and the Union Depot was constructed, the meeting-place of east and west bound roads was fixed in this valley, and the tunnel from the bridge was brought under the city's streets and houses in a sweeping curve from Main Street and Washington Avenue to Tenth and Poplar streets. When, only a year ago, the new Union Station was completed, the Mill Creek Valley remained the highway for practically all the city's railroad traffic.

It has not been many years since the Mill Creek Valley was bridged, so as to make communication between the northern and southern sections of the city safe. But for the little garden spot around Lafayette Park and the limited residence section to the west known as Compton Hill, the improvement of that part of the city has been for many years chiefly in the direction of small, cheap dwellings and factories. Between Lafayette Park and the river, a little more than a mile away, the few homes once occupied by some of the old French families of St. Louis have been abandoned of recent years as tenements, and the factories thickened about them.

It was on Compton Hill that the storm-cloud first descended, striking its first blow near the junction of Grand and Lafayette avenues. Fortunately it spared the reservoir, or the horrors of a flood would have been added to the calamity. From Grand Avenue it swept down the south side of the valley to the river-front, the wind blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and the rain following it in sheets. Those who saw anything in the blinding darkness tell of a funnel-shaped cloud which went whirling down the path of the storm, twisting heavy buildings from their foundations and leaving no structure that it touched without some scar. Roofs were torn off, walls wrenched away, windows shattered. Wind-swept and carpeted with trees were many streets through which it passed. Others were blocked with bricks and timbers from wrecked buildings. Here and there the storm stretched out an arm to north or south, but its straight path was down the valley.

When it reached the river it spread in two directions. To the south it wrought havoc among the small, cheap, flimsy tenements of the German quarter of the town, here and there tearing apart some big factory building which stood among them. But the main stem of the storm-cloud turned north, and wrecked the river-front from Chouteau Avenue to the northern limits of the city. All along the levee lay the big river boats—too big by far for the Mississippi's shrinking traffic. Happily it was too early for excursion crowds, or the list of fatalities in the disaster would be longer. Most of the boats were empty at their wharves when the storm-cloud came twisting down the Mill Creek Valley, and, turning to the north, swept the river-front clear of every tug and steamboat and every wharf-boat that lay moored against it. Some of these big boats it flung against the Illinois shore, some it turned over on the bosom of the river, and some it wrecked against the piers of the great bridge. The bridge itself was wrecked, its superstructure torn away, one of its granite piers decapitated, and a train which was crossing to the Illinois shore turned upside down on the tracks. Beyond the bridge the same ruin was wrought—buildings were wrecked, trees uprooted, huge piles of lumber sent flying through the air.

As it swept up the river, the storm-cloud spread to the Illinois shore, and here it did its greatest damage. The town of East St. Louis is the eastern gateway to the great city just across the river. A few years ago it was a "railroad town"—a town of cheap boarding-houses and cheap stores and cheaper saloons. A few days ago it was a business community, well governed, and prosperous in its growing industries. But its buildings were less substantial than those of the larger city. So when the storm-cloud swept along the western border of the town it levelled to the ground almost every building in its path. Flour-mills, grain-elevators, hotels, dwellings, railroad warehouses, were scattered to the levee and the sloughs, railroad trains were lifted from their tracks and overturned. And here the loss of life was greater, as the loss of property was more complete. Few escaped uninjured from the tumbling walls of the hundreds of East St. Louis buildings which the storm laid waste. Fire helped the work of devastation, and the wrecking of the water-works made the fire department almost helpless.

Beyond East St. Louis is a stretch of country which was dotted with prosperous little towns. Many of these have been wiped out of existence, but how many will not be known until communication has been fully re-established. The telegraph wires in the path of the storm were almost the first things to go.

At 6 o'clock on the evening of May 27 the cities of St. Louis and East St. Louis lay prostrate. The darkness of the storm-cloud still hung over them. Their streets were strewn with wreckage under which lay dead or dying men and women. Men separated by miles from their homes could find no means of communicating with their loved ones by telegraph or telephone, no way of getting to them except by walking through the devastated streets beneath the overhanging walls of half-wrecked buildings. The horrors of fire were added to the storm calamities, and as night came on the work of rescue and relief was made more difficult by an inky darkness unrelieved by any glimmer of light—for the electric wires were all down, and in one section the gas reservoir had exploded during the storm. It was not until the morning of the 28th that a full inventory of the storm's tragic work could be attempted.

Among the strange things that the storm-cloud did was to tear the wall from the side of the heavy jail building, while it did but little damage to the frail Auditorium building just across the street. Many factories were torn apart or twisted on their foundations, and many flimsy dwellings in the storm's track were left almost unharmed. The City Hospital was wrecked, and of its 400 inhabitants one was killed by fright, and two were injured so that they died. The grand stand of the race-track was unroofed. The Poor-house was damaged badly, the Armory Building was unroofed, and the Chamber of Commerce was racked and flooded. Happily the path of destruction did not lie along the line of the city's latest growth. It covered the older residence section, and a business section which of recent years, with the decline of the river traffic, has been half abandoned. Although the damage is great, it is not so serious as it would have been if the west end had been devastated or the business centre of the city had been wrecked. Nor is the loss of life so great as it would have been if some of the big business buildings had collapsed.

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THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT SHAN-HAI-KWAN—BREAK THROUGH WHICH THE RAILWAY IS TO PASS.

OUTER FACE OF THE GREAT WALL.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION.—CHINA TO-DAY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

THE SITUATION IN PINAR DEL RIO.

Pinar del Rio is the name given to the western part of the island of Cuba. Its products, people, and politics have always differed more or less from those of the eastern provinces. While the cane-planters of the east have developed revolutionary tendencies, the tobacco-planters of Pinar del Rio have conformed themselves to circumstances, always demonstrating a loyalty to Spain. When the present revolution broke out, the government was assured that the people of Pinar del Rio would remain faithful, as before; but Maximo Gomez had other plans. He knew well the condition of the island and its people, and no sooner had he invaded Matanzas and Habana, in spite of the concentrated forces of the Spanish Captain-General who opposed him, than he named Antonio Maceo chief of operations in the west, with orders to subjugate that part of the island. Accordingly, early in January, Maceo, with the best fighting element of the revolutionary army, invaded Pinar del Rio. He found the province not only without troops to oppose his march, but its inhabitants to all appearance ripe for the revolution. As he marched to the extremity of the island he was received everywhere with joy and acclamation. Then the Captain-General sent two or three armies after Maceo, and as the Spanish could only conceive of the insurgents running away, they established the much-talked-of cordon or Trocha across the narrowest part of the island, to prevent the rebellious hordes from getting out of what was thought to be a trap cleverly set to catch them.

The Trocha, I believe, is an invention of the previous war. It was established on the principle of a quarantine, somewhere near the centre of the island, for the purpose of preventing the revolutionary wave from spreading west. The present Trocha, however, was constructed after the revolutionary element had invaded the province, and was thought to be impassable by Maceo's undisciplined army.

The troops first met Maceo at Las Fairomas, not far from the capital of the province which he had so successfully invaded, and were very much surprised that he did not run away as expected, but stood a fire of three hours, when the troops retired for more ammunition. Very little has been said of this encounter. But Maceo's Bunker Hill was at Paso Real, where he was overtaken by the troops under command of General Luque.* Although taken by surprise while at dinner, the rebel chief calmly withdrew from the town, then turned and charged upon the Spanish columns which were pursuing him. Both parties have claimed a victory in this action, but judging from a detailed description of the encounter as given me by one of the leading officers on the Spanish side, it was a drawn game, for although Maceo was unable to break the Spanish squares, both armies remained in the field, and then advanced in opposite directions. But Maceo proved beyond a doubt that he could fight when he wanted to, and this without having to suffer a defeat.

Then General Weyler concentrated all his efforts upon the Trocha, the remarkable Trocha, and the Spaniards cried, "From here the rebels can never pass!" There was a spell of quiet as from day to day the government received word, "All is well on the Trocha!" and then there was a chase after rebels somewhere on the wrong side of the Trocha; and a few days later the government was obliged to admit that it was no other than Maceo and his rebellious hordes who had somehow got across the Trocha and were fleeing from the troops. In their precipitate flight, however, they circled around Habana, sacking and burning some of the principal cities and towns of the province. Jaruco was one of these. Then Maceo retreated to Matanzas, where his forces united with those of Gomez, and it was supposed that these greatly demoralized forces would continue their retreat towards the east, where General Pando was impatiently waiting with his command to give that final blow which would crush the enemy and put an end to the war. Then General Weyler issued his circular in which he announced that the rebels had been driven out of Pinar del Rio. Weyler had no sooner made this announcement than we heard of a battle fought at Los Parlos, in Habana, in which a great many horses had been killed and the enemy put to flight. But instead of flying back to Matanzas, the enemy fled across Habana and again entered the province of Pinar del Rio, under the command of Maceo. This second invasion dates from the 15th of March, and differs from the first in that instead of being a procession attended with feasting and rejoicing, it has been one of fire and destruction throughout the land. Town and city, village or hamlet, have suffered alike, till now there remain scarcely half a dozen places in the whole province which have not suffered from this devastating fire, while General Weyler has for the second time put his faith in the impregnability of the Trocha.

Although I had suspected the state of affairs existing in the western part of the island to be different from that represented, I could hardly appreciate it without going there. From a military stand-point I could not see the logic in keeping from thirty to sixty thousand troops doing police duty along seventeen miles of cart road while the enemy was ravaging the territory in which he was supposed to be confined, and that territory in area one-third of the island. It has been represented that Pinar del Rio is the poorer part of the island, that Maceo and his followers would soon be starved out and forced to attack the Trocha, when they would meet with their final crushing blow. But Maceo, desiring to cross, would naturally concentrate his forces at the weakest point, and his only opposition would be such as an army scattered over seventeen miles of road could present.

On the road from Artemisa to Palacios there remain but two towns fortified and in actual possession of the Spanish. Although there was a captain with a detachment of troops at Palacios, the town itself was a complete ruin, having been sacked and burned by the rebels. Parallel with the railroad I could see the mountains which run east and west, dividing Pinar del Rio province in the middle. In these mountains Maceo has established his base of supplies, and at Bacunagua his fort was pointed out to me crowning the summit of the mountain. I was told that the name of the mountain was Gabinacho, and that it would be almost impossible for the Spanish army to dislodge the insurgents from their position. Candelaria and San Cristobal are the two towns held by the Spaniards, and these are surrounded by trenches and fences of railroad iron. Into these towns the insurgents are driving all the country people who do not desire to go to their strongholds in the mountains.

I found San Cristobal in a condition of great misery, present and threatened. The troops had just arrived under the command of General Serano Altamia, and the soldiers did not mince matters in saying that they had been badly whipped up in the mountains, where the insurgents had surrounded them, and would have cut them to pieces if it had not been for the timely arrival of a Spanish column from the opposite direction. When they were called to mass in front of the church in the plaza, one of them said:

"Mass! We'll get mass enough when we get up in those mountains."

"Yes, they'll give us a sermon," said another—"of lead."

The people who had fled from the country were crowding into the houses, or living in the streets and under trees. Those who could find a vacant spot had built little shacks of sticks and leaves, and even to get these materials they were obliged to leave the city under the protection of an armed escort. I saw the funeral of a child. Although the cemetery was scarcely a stone's-throw from the trenches, the procession left the town attended by the local guerilla or mounted warriors.

T. R. Dawley, Jun.

* An illustration of this battle was shown on page 436 of Harper's Weekly of May 2, 1896.

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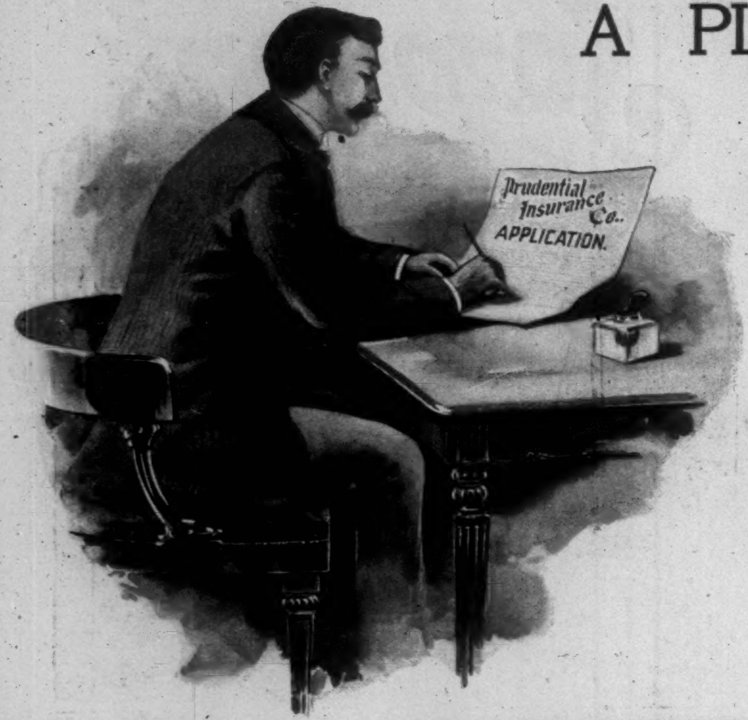

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AMATEUR SPORT

Decoration day by general accord seems to stand for the opening of the yachting season, though in point of fact the regattas of consequence do not begin until two weeks later. And when they do begin this year we shall enter upon a most interesting season, for there is much we have to learn and are desirous of learning of our two new classes—the half-raters and one-raters. Nor could we enter upon our novitiate in this kind of craft at a more seasonable time; for just as we are taking up the half and one rater, they are passing out of general racing vogue on the other side through a change in the measurement rule. Consequently they may be bought there at rather low prices; and since this type reached its highest development in British waters, it is not unlikely American sportsmen may be tempted to purchase. Up to date, however, we have not heard of an English rater coming over.

Yachtsmen have had their interests kept alive this year, even before actual racing began, by the discussion and final passing of the amended Payne bill, given herewith:

"Section 4216.—Yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom-house thereof or paying tonnage tax, provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States and owned, chartered, or used by a citizen of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act."

As originally proposed by Congressman Payne the bill was retroactive, and a most absurd measure, since it would have called upon the owner of every foreign-built yacht to pay custom-house duties and tonnage tax every time it went into Newport, New London, Boston, New York, or any other port. Such a bill would have taken the very life out of our yachting season, and yachtsmen are indebted for their deliverance from so untoward a result to the efforts of the New York Yacht Club, whose official representative at Washington vigorously and successfully protested the bill as first proposed.

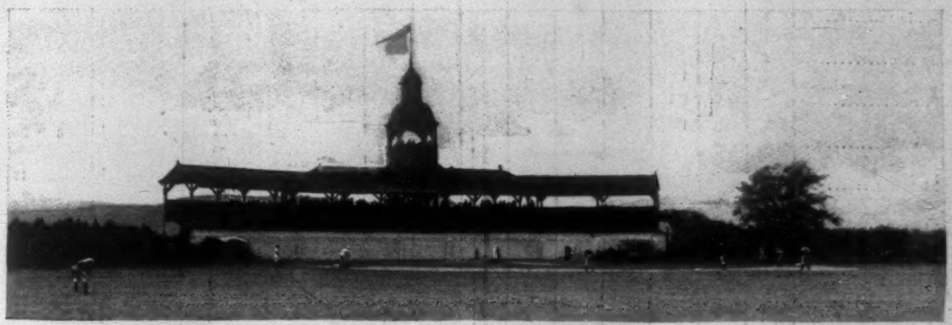
As it eventually passed, with the provisional clause exempting present owners, it is a good bill, and one that will do much towards improving our naval architecture, provided equal judgment is used by those who order steam as by those who order sailing yachts. Our fleet of sailing yachts in point of speed, lines, and general beauty is unequalled. But our fleet of home-made steamers—*i. e.*, large steamers capable of crossing the ocean—is small, and, with one or two exceptions, of indifferent quality. The exceptions were built from the plans of a designer; the generality grew from the builder's models and ideas.

Without professing any especial knowledge of naval architecture, I have always understood that the average American-built steamer has its designer and builder in one and the same firm or man, that the same elaboration of plans, first by the designer in model, lines, etc., subsequently by the builder, does not obtain in steam as in sailing yachts. This being the case, it is not difficult to understand the reason of our steamers' inferiority. As the lines of our sailing-yachts are unexcelled, it seems reasonable to believe in the possibility of our steam-yachts' lines reaching an equal standard—when equal care and judgment are used in ordering and a designer employed.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club, with its international half-rater race on hand (this year against Mr. Duggan of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club), must be considered the American champion of this type. Last year the introduction of the craft was tentative but successful, not only because of the great victory of *Ethelwynn*, home-designed (W. P. Stephens) and home-made, over the English *Spruce*, but because yachtsmen recognized the superiority in general appearance, model, and rig of this class over the short-ended, big-rigged old style cat-boat.

Thus the little class that started last year has grown, until at this writing, and before the season has fairly opened, it is impossible to say just how many additions there are to be this season. Boston alone, I have heard, will contribute thirty.

The glimpse we have already had of the new ones in this vicinity was furnished by the New Rochelle Club's special race a week ago. There were seven new half-raters from designs by Stephens, Herreshoff, and Huntington, but the best performance was made by *Imp*, owned

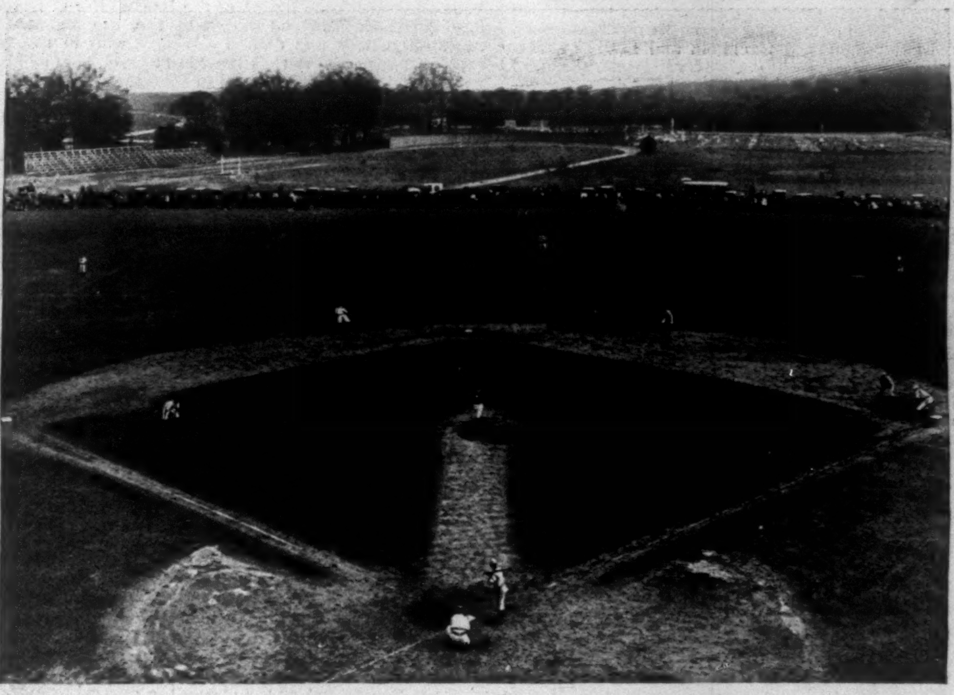


YALE GRAND STAND.

in Philadelphia by John M. Hamilton, and designed and built by Clapham. She is quite after the famous *Bouncer* type, with improvements; the next best showing was made by *Hope*, owned by Arthur Iselin, designed by Huntington, who was last year responsible for that yachting anomaly called *Question*. *Two Step*, quite like *Ethelwynn*, and designed by Stephens, on paper was the third, but actually led the entire fleet over the full course until just at the finish, where both *Imp* and *Hope* beat her out, but were both disqualified for being sailed by professionals. Strange that owners do not acquaint themselves with the rules under which they purpose sailing!

So great is the interest in this class of midgets that even the conservatism of the New York Yacht Club has fallen before the demand of its younger element that recognition be accorded half-rater racing. We shall see, therefore, on the occasion of the club's annual regatta, next week, a special race given for half-raters owned by members of the N. Y. Y. C. only. While departure from time-honored traditions was in order, it would have served to make the event more interesting to throw it open to entries from the members of all recognized clubs. This early regatta is none too interesting at best. The most important feature of the regatta will unquestionably be the appearance of *Colonia* in schooner rig, provided she is got ready in season. *Colonia* as a sloop just missed being the fastest of her year, and she missed it by a tendency to fall off to leeward—a tendency so pronounced that it became actually remarkable. Yet she had great possibilities of speed, though being a bitter disappointment to her owner, Archibald Rogers, and to the sportsmen who admired Rogers's sportsmanly career, and knew something of the circumstances connected with the ordering and building of *Colonia*.

With two sticks in her now, and undoubtedly some alterations in her keel, the chances of attaining the speed she once hinted at having seems to be excellent. What she will do against such racers as *Emerald* and *Lasca* remains to be seen, but it is safe to say that nothing short of a ghost will leave these two schooners in its wake.



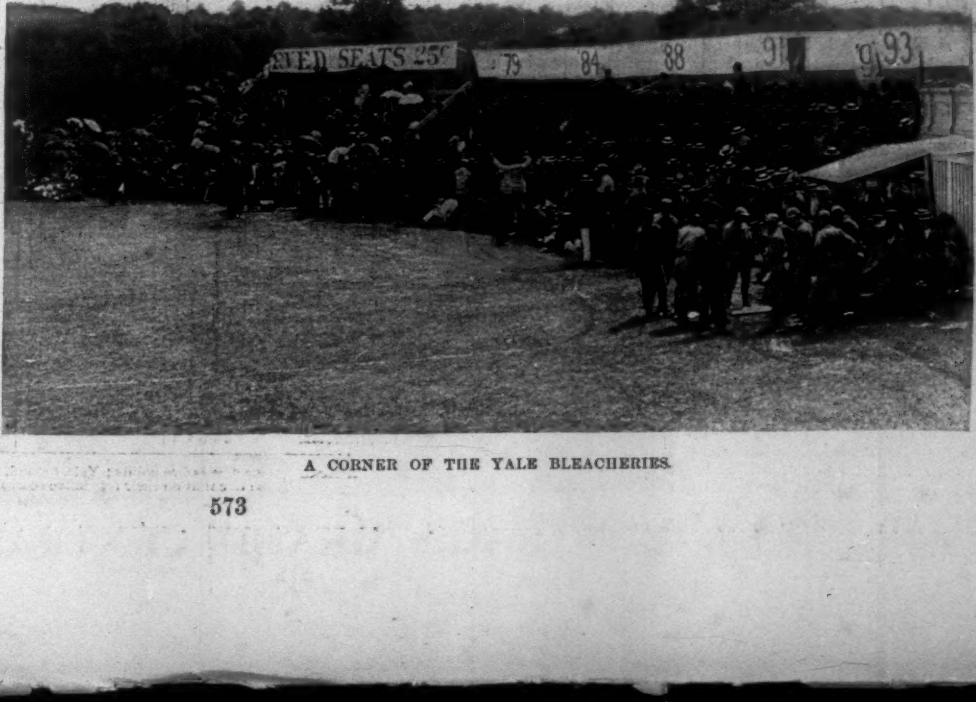
YALE BASEBALL FIELD.—YALE AT BAT—PRINCETON IN THE FIELD.

The particular event of the N. Y. Y. C., and the greatest event of its kind, is the annual cruise, which will be held as usual. It is the only cruise which attracts general attention or interests the yachtsmen of all clubs; practically it is the only cruise of the year, and bids fair to be so in actuality before long. It is wiser for yachtsmen to unite in one annual cruise than to divide into half a dozen cruises, none of which is wholly successful. As that of the N. Y. Y. C. has become a classic event, it is well, if the cruises of some clubs must be abandoned, that the younger ones should suffer, and that the cruise of the "premier club" be supported by all.

There is every indication that this year's cruise will at least reach the standard established last year—and last year and the one before were the two most successful years in the club's history. The same Commodore, Edward M. Brown, will be in command, and the Regatta Committee, although somewhat changed in *personnel*, will be even stronger. S. Nicholson Kane remains on the Committee, and his efficiency as a yachting official has been attested by too many years of service to require commendation; Messrs. Irving Grinnell and Chester Griswold are replaced by Messrs. Gouverneur Kortright and Archibald Rogers, both competent officials and thoroughgoing sportsmen. Mr. Griswold has been appointed to the Fleet Captaincy, made vacant by the sad illness of Mr. Frank Robinson.

Having signalized its season of '95 by its absolutely fair and dignified treatment of Dunraven and his despicable charges, the New York Yacht Club now begins its season of '96 under auspices that presage further success and good sport.

The Larchmont Yacht Club starts its season with the espousal of a new 30-foot class of racers and the opening of its remodelled home. What the new class will develop we shall be better able to judge later, but the enlargement of the house and of the club's equipment for the entertainment of its members command immediate acknowledgment. Indeed, yachting has ceased to be sufficiently comprehensive to describe the position of this club in the American sportsman's world. Except for polo and pony-racing, it has the means of providing its members with every form of country club sport. It is, in fact, a country club in all but disposition, for the majority of its members are irretrievably wedded to yachting. None the less, there is a trap-shooting ground, a lawn-



A CORNER OF THE YALE BLEACHERIES.

INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1896.

Events. 1st place, 5 points. 2d place, 2 points. 3d place, 1 point.	Yale.	Pennsylvania.	Harvard.	Georgetown.	Columbia.	Boston Univ.	Williams.	Cornell.	Princeton.	Washington and Jefferson.	Columbian.	Winners.	Winner's Performance.	Inter-collegiate Record.	Year made.
100-yard dash				5			2	1				Wefers, Patterson, Bowen.	9 4-5 sec.	* 9 4-5 sec. B. J. Wefers, Georgetown.	1896
220-yard dash			1	5			2					Wefers, Patterson, Denholm.	21 1-5 "	† 21 1-5 " B. J. Wefers, Georgetown.	1896
Quarter-mile run	2					5			1			Burke, Fisher, Colfelt.	50 2-5 "	49 1-2 " G. B. Shattuck, Amherst.	1892
Half-mile run	2		5		1							Hollister, Hinckley, Schaff.	1 m. 56 4-5 "	1 m. 56 4-5 " E. Hollister, Harvard.	1896
One mile run		7	1									Jarvis, Orton, Grant.	4 " 28 4-5 "	4 " 23 2-5 " G. W. Orton, Pennsylvania.	1895
One mile walk	6	2										Thrall, Fetterman, Darrach.	6 " 54 2-5 "	6 " 52 4-5 " F. H. Borcherling, Princeton.	1893
120-yard hurdles	7				1							Perkins, Hatch, Bijur.	16 1-5 "	15 4-5 " H. L. Williams, Yale. / Stephen Chase, Dartmouth.	1891 / 1895
220-yard hurdles	3		5									Bremer, Sheldon, Perkins.	25 "	24 3-5 " J. L. Bremer, Harvard.	1895
Running high jump		5						2		1		Winsor, Powell, Craighead.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 1 in. J. S. Winsor, Pennsylvania.	1896
Running broad jump	5	1	2									L. P. Sheldon, Mason, Buchholz.	22 " 3 1-4 "	22 " 11 1-4 " Victor Mapes, Columbia.	1891
Pole vault	5½	2			½							Allis, Stewart, Smith-Van Winkle.	11 " 1 3-4 "	11 " 2 3-4 " C. T. Buchholz, Pennsylvania. / W. W. Hoyt, Harvard.	1895 / 1895
Throwing 16-lb. hammer	6	2										Chadwick, Woodruff, Cross.	132 " 6 1-2 "	135 " 7 1-2 " W. O. Hickok, Yale.	1895
Putting 16-lb. shot	5	3										R. Sheldon, Woodruff, Knipe.	41 " 11 1-2 "	44 " 11 1-2 " W. O. Hickok, Yale.	1895
Bicycle meet	2	½			5						½	See bicycle table.		* Equals world's record held by Wefers and John Owen, Jun. † World's record.	
Total points	43½	22½	14	10	7½	5	4	3	1	1	½				

tennis court projected, a bicycle annex, with baths, lockers, and attendants, and a golf links; not to mention an annual clam-bake, countless electric buttons on the porch, and a megaphone, through which you can hail your gig a mile in the offing. The house itself has a frontage of something like 225 feet on a most picturesquely situated bay.

In-doors there is a small but growing collection of absolutely correct yacht models, a large and well-chosen library, a lot of rare old prints and pewters, a spacious and airy dining-hall, a *chef* who knows his business, and some fifty bedrooms.

THESE ARE THE THINGS that appeal to the material side of the Larchmont club-man, but first of all he is interested in yachting, even though he happen not to be a boat-owner. Its membership includes probably more practical and active yachtsmen than that of any of the larger clubs, and certainly its schedule of annual fixtures is longer. This year, the first week in July, it will make a novel departure in American yachting by the inauguration of a "racing week." By that time the season will be well under way, and the half-raters and thirty-footers tuned up to some consistency of form, so that, with races for these and for the schooners and sloops, we may expect such a week of aquatic sport as we have not before had in this country. If successful, as it is very apt to be, it will be the establishment of an American fixture similar to Cowes week of the other side.

THE LACROSSE SEASON had a successful and appropriate ending last Wednesday in the contest at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, between Toronto University and Lehigh. It might fittingly have been called an international 'varsity match, since Toronto holds the Canadian inter-collegiate championship, and Lehigh only recently won a similar honor by defeating Stevens. The game on Wednesday was certainly the prettiest of the year, but the passing and general attack of the Canadians were the more skilful, and eventually won them the game by 9 goals to 6.

It was entirely becoming Lehigh should represent this country in lacrosse, for none has played the game longer or so well. Lehigh has had a team in the field since '86. In '90 the Inter-collegiate Lacrosse Association was formed by Lehigh, Johns Hopkins, and Stevens, and these have played a series every year since—Lehigh winning the championship in '90, '93, '95, and '96. Other colleges and clubs have taken the game up from time to time, and last year teams were afield from Cornell, N. Y. College, Crescent A. C., New York A.C., and Schuylkill Navy. This year the list of teams was increased by the addition of Harvard, which did only fairly. Princeton intended to put a team in the field, but nothing materialized. Stability does not appear to be an attribute of Princeton's athletics.

As far back as '88, '89, and '90 both Harvard and Princeton played lacrosse, but its life at these universities has always been fitful. Nor has the life of lacrosse generally seemed prosperous for some time until this year. Apart from the actual players, the interest appeared in recent years to be dying, until last year it seemed to have gone entirely. This year, however, there has been a veritable revival. Moreover, it seems to be deep-seated, which is better, for there is no game, not even football, more interesting to the on-looker, nor requiring more skill and wind of the player. The standing of the teams in the inter-collegiate series follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Tie.
Stevens Institute	2	1	0
Lehigh University	2	1	0
Harvard University	0	2	1
Johns Hopkins University	0	2	1

Lehigh lost her one game to Crescent A. C., which must be credited with the strongest team of the year, taking as a basis of estimate its victory over Lehigh and its defeat by Toronto, 5–7.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, May 30, at Manhattan Field, furnished but few surprises, and those few might be said to have eventuated rather because of sins of omission than of commission. The instances of disturbing reversals of form were less than usual; in fact, there were but two—Buchholz's failure to qualify in the pole vault, and Cross's inability to get better than third place in the hammer. But the element of chance or luck did not at all influence the relative positions of the competing colleges in the results, although it did affect for better and for worse the respective scores of Yale, Pennsylvania, and Harvard.

Yale won the championship on merit, and would have won it by from six to ten points from Pennsylvania, even could the latter have had Buchholz and Leslie at their best in their respective events. Nevertheless, the total score does not correctly represent how close a fight Penn. made with Yale for first honors in several events. It was a toss-up in the pole vault, little more than a yard separated Thrall and Fetterman for nearly the entire walk, and Penn.'s representatives were good seconds in both the weights.

Yale got three points not reckoned on in the pole vault by Buchholz's reversal of form, and three more in the high hurdles by the non-appearance of Chase, who had strained a muscle in his leg. On the other hand, Cross lost Yale two points by failing to reach figures he has surpassed time and again in practice.

HARVARD'S SMALL SCORE gave probably the greatest shock of the meeting; and yet, securing all the places they might reasonably expect, six additional points would have been the limit. The surprise is that the limit of such a splendid all-round team should be so soon reached. And that is no criticism of Harvard, but only a striking illustration of how the score of a really strong team may happen to be cut down here and there by the solitary representative of a small college which is entirely out of consideration for first, second, or even third honors in the general championship. It presents a strong argument, too, for the perpetuation of the dual meetings that have become more or less general in recent years. After all, these dual meetings are the most certain developers of athletic material and most accurate tests of all-round strength, to say nothing of the encouragement given individual performers.

The table of results provides figures for some interesting comparisons along this line. We find Harvard with 8½ points less than Penn., whom in dual competition she recently beat by 18 points; Columbia with 6½ points more than Princeton, who last week won their dual meet by 13 points; and Harvard, having at least two entries in about every event, with only four more points to her credit than Georgetown, who was represented by a single entry in two events. Furthermore, Yale's score in the championships is 29½ points larger than Harvard's, while a dual meet between these two would be exceedingly close, with slight odds in favor of Harvard winning.

Certainly no meet has more convincingly demonstrated the havoc which may be worked in the score of a strong all-round team by a few star performers from small colleges that perhaps cut but an insignificant figure in the general distribution of points.

It is entirely right that the smaller colleges should be encouraged not only to send entries to this annual championship, but to hold annual dual games with the most formidable collegiate rival in their immediate vicinity and athletic class. It all tends to elevate the standard of our national excellence. And the dual meets are the surest and most healthful means to that end.

THE PERFORMANCES WERE ALL GOOD on Saturday, and four of them notable. Winsor, in the high jump, supplanted the 6 ft. 0½ in. G. R. Fearing, Harvard, made three years ago; and Hollister bettered by two-fifths of a second the half-mile record of the late Walter C. Dohm, Princeton, that has stood since '90. But the remarkable work of the day was done by Wefers, who, in the 100 yards, equalled the world's record of 9⅘ sec., held by himself and John Owen, Jun., and in the 220 yards surpassed anything ever done by man, amateur or professional, by covering the distance in the astonishing time of 21⅕ sec. Wefers is the greatest sprinter we have ever seen. He is a consistent performer, a wonderfully strong finisher, and runs steadily and true without a falter to the very end.

Aside from Wefers, the shorter sprint revealed two good men in Patterson and Bowen, who had a hot race for second, and beat out the Harvard and Yale men, much to general surprise, Patterson doing the trick aga'n in the 220 flat. The quarter was interesting for the reason that Burke reserved his effort until within about 50 yards of the finish, when he left the bunch, and won by about 2 yards, Fisher and Colfelt fighting for second to the very tape, where the former won by a few inches. Hollister won easily in the half by a dozen yards from Hinckley, and Schaff secured third after a game run for it.

Jarvis and Orton won first and second in the mile, as expected, and the event was chiefly interesting for the plucky struggle of Grant to stay with them, in which he failed, although getting third.

Harvard was disappointing in the hurdlers, but Yale showed up strong, and Bijur pushed Perkins to 16 sec. in a trial of the high, although the final was won a fifth slower. With Leslie out (behind in studies) Powell and Craighead had a tussle for second; both cleared 6 ft., failed an inch higher, and Powell won the jump-off at 5 ft. 11 in. The pole-vaulting was high class despite the absence of the record-holders, Buchholz, who failed to qualify, and Hoyt, who was ineligible because behind in studies. The broad jump and weights went as expected, with nothing worthy of remark, except Woodruff's rapid improvement in shot and hammer.

From first to last of the events the general average of individual performance was higher than in any previous meeting, but with the exception of the record-breakers the performances of the winners were not up to those of 1895.

IT IS SOMEWHAT NOTABLE that although the entries to the inter-collegiate bicycle meet were upwards of eighty, just a dozen names figure in the finals of five races—one a tandem—giving points for three places in each. More than that, with the exception of the Harvard tandem not more figured in the heats, and as one recalls the meet, one remembers it chiefly as exploiting a few clever performers—Fearing, Ruppert, McFarland, Hill, Schade, Eglin, J. P. Williams, and J. T. Williams. And of these, the first three did greater work than even the table shows. Fearing and Ruppert are a great pair, and McFarland probably the best all-round man of the lot. He was asked to do too much Wednesday. Yale lost the tandem by being cleverly outgeneralled by the Pennsylvania pair, who were speedy as well as clever. Schade made a good race of the five mile—but none of the times were remarkable.

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INTER-COLLEGIATE BICYCLE MEET, MAY 27, 1896.

Events. 1st place, 5 points. 2d place, 2 points. 3d place, 1 point.	Columbia.	Yale.	U. of P.	Columbian.	Harvard.	Winners.	Performance.	Inter-collegiate Record.	Year made.
Quarter-mile	8					Williams, Underhill, Bird,	32 1-5 sec.	32 1-5 sec. J. T. Williams, Columbia.	1896
Half-mile	6	2				Fearing, Hill, Williams,	19 2-5 "	19 2-5 " W. H. Fearing, Jun., Columbia.	1896
One-mile	6	2				Ruppert, McFarland, Fearing,	2 m. 27 3-5 "	2 m. 27 3-5 " G. E. Ruppert, Columbia.	1896
One-mile tandem		3	5			Eglin-Williams, McFarland-Hill, French-Butler,	2 " 21 3-5 "	2 " 21 3-5 " A. C. Eglin, J. P. Williams, Pennsylvania.	1896
Five-mile		1		5	2	Schade, Wood, Hill,	13 " 4 4-5 "	13 " 4 4-5 " F. A. L. Schade, Columbian.	1896
Total	20	8	5	5	2				

Columbia, as winner of this meet, gets five points; Yale, second, two points; Pennsylvania and Columbian divide a point for third place. These to count on their respective scores in the Inter-collegiate Championships, May 30.

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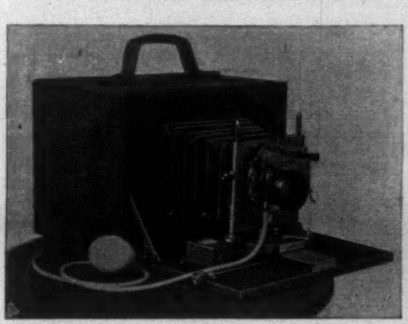

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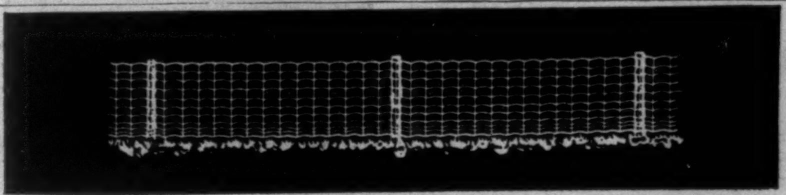

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